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COMMENT OF THE DAY

MAN OF DESTINY?

GENERAL de Gaulle's declaration of willingness to take over the Government of France has radically changed the existing political situation in the country.

Whereas up till now, the opposition has been between the Government in Paris and the Committee of Public Safety in Algiers, the challenge for power has shifted to a struggle between Parliament and the General.

De Gaulle, in his brief declaration, studiously avoided condemning the army takeover in Algeria and instead unambiguously stated that the political parties in Parliament were no longer capable of coping with the situation confronting France.

The General's statement seems to be an attempt to force the country and Parliament to choose between himself and an intensification of the anti-Government movement in Algeria.

It is clear that the leaders and the European population as a whole in Algeria would not only be appeased and reassured by a government headed by the General and that no sort of coalition government is any longer acceptable on the other side of the Mediterranean.

It is too late to expect the movement in Algeria to be brought back into constitutional channels merely by returning M. Robert Lacoste as Resident Minister despite the fact that up to a week ago M. Lacoste had the confidence of the European population, and for that matter, all Algerians, whether European or Moslem, who want the link between the two countries to be maintained at all costs.

The first reaction to the General's declaration is one of hostility. However, the situation might rapidly change and a public movement might develop with great speed which will force the President of the Republic, M. Rene Coty, to call in General de Gaulle even if the parliamentarians remain stubborn.

The situation reminds us of the historic appeal of De Gaulle issued in London, on June 18, 1940 when he called on all Frenchmen to stay in the war at the side of the Allies and told his countrymen that "France has lost a battle but she has not lost the war."

LEBANON TRUCE NEARER?

Sporadic Fighting Reported Still

Beirut, May 16.

More than 20 rebels were killed in clashes with government troops throughout Lebanon during the last 24 hours, while negotiations for a truce between the government and opposition parties appeared to be making progress.

Earlier the Lebanese parliament failed to give a vote of confidence to the Sami Solh government after lack of quorum forced abandonment of the session.

Those members who did attend spent about two hours holding a secret—and what was described as "unofficial"—discussion of the week-long violence and anti-Western demonstrations.

As the deputies waited in vain for the quorum, official figures were released estimating that the bloodshed toll over the past week was 77 killed and 280 injured.

Seven Die

Only on the border with the Syrian sector of the United Arab Republic was fighting reported as Army troops battled dissident groups in an all-out attempt to re-establish control of the area.

Seven persons, including a police sergeant and four women, were reported killed in one of the clashes between security forces and an armed gang from Barqayl village.

Planes were used to strangle the dissidents, reports said. In Beirut, only a few isolated incidents were reported and the capital's famed seafront took on its old look again with holiday-makers sunbathing, sunbathing and swimming.

Saida, capital of South Lebanon, was swept by a wave of rebel agitation and demonstrators set fire to a car this morning. A curfew has been ordered as in Beirut.

Talks

Meanwhile, Lebanese Army Commander-in-Chief, General Fouad Chehab's mediation attempt was reported to be progressing favourably. Chehab's talks with opposition leaders reportedly dealt with the following points:

- ★ Resignation of Premier Sami Solh's Cabinet after a parliamentary vote.
- ★ Formation of a Cabinet of neutral political figures by Chehab.
- ★ Election of the future President by the present parliament with the possibility of another term for President Camille Chamoun being definitely ruled out.

Chehab conferred for over an hour today with the American Ambassador to the Lebanon, Robert McClintock, while the Ambassador also had a talk with Chamoun.

McClintock told the Lebanese leaders that the American offer of aid to Lebanon excluded any military intervention, informed sources said.—All Agencies.

U.S. Tanks

Washington, May 16. The State Department said today it expected that United States tanks would be sent to Lebanon in the near future. An official announcement said arrangements for fulfilling a Lebanese request for the tanks had been under way for several months.—Reuter.

The Duke Says

NOT THE TIME TO TAKE IT EASY

London, May 16.

The Duke of Edinburgh warned British manufacturers that this was not the time to take things easy, when he presented awards for designers of the year to 20 designers and manufacturers after inspecting their work at the design centre, in the Haymarket.

Referring to the competition which had resulted in the awards he was presenting, the Duke said it was at best an imperfect method of encouraging perfect design. One of the disadvantages was that it depended on the opinion and judgment of the judges.

Argument

"I find that is the best way to start argument," observed the Duke, "but an argument in this case is better than apathy." Earlier the Duke had inspected the 20 selected designs, which ranged from pruners to table cloths and showed in one case that he had no fatherly practice in bathing a baby when he observed of a plastic baby's bath: "It looks rather low down. It must be designed for a very short person."

The designer quickly told him: "People who bath babies sit on a very low nursing chair." The Duke laughed and walked on. Another exhibit was a very fragile looking metal frame dining chair with a purple seat. Invited to try it by the designer, he hesitantly declined and said: "No, you try it." The designer sat upon it without mishap but the Duke did not experiment himself.—China Mail Special.

Zoo Tragedy: Girl Killed In Lion's Cage

Washington, May 16.

A hungry lion today killed a 2½-year-old girl, who broke away from her grandfather and tried to feed the beast peanuts during an outing at the Zoo.

Julie Ann Vogt, a visitor from Canada, squeezed between the bars of an iron guard rail surrounding the cages at the Lion House in the Washington Zoological Park.

She offered peanuts to two 10-year-old lions, a female named Queenie and a male named Baron. Attendees were preparing to feed the big cats.

Never Before

One of the lions thrust a huge paw through the bars and slashed the child with its sharp claws. The grandfather, Henry Jackson, 67, caught hold of the child's body and tried desperately to free her from the lion's grasp. Then he lashed at the lion with a cane. But the lion dragged the child's body through the bars into the cage. A Zoo official said fire hoses and carbon dioxide gas were used to drive Queenie and her mate away from the child's body. The Zoo Director, Theodore Reed, said no one had ever before gone through the guard rail and no one had been injured by the caged animals in the 63 years since the lion house was built.

Horrible

"It was a horrible thing," he said. "We never heard of a child's squeezing through bars like that in my life." The child's mother was put under a doctor's care.—United Press.

More Troops For Kenya

London, May 16. Britain is strengthening its strategic reserve in Kenya by moving another 1,000 troops including administrative units to the Nairobi area next month, it was announced tonight. This movement of troops, it was pointed out, had nothing to do with the troubles in Lebanon but was part of the plans outlined in the Army Estimates Memorandum in March by the War Minister, Mr. Christopher Soames. The units under the Command of Brigadier Richard Frisby are going by troopship and their period of duty in Kenya is indefinite.—United Press.

QUEEN MOTHER BUMPED HEAD

London, May 16. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother bumped her head on the framework of the cabin door as she was entering a plane today—but kept on smiling. The plane, a Heron aircraft of the Queen's flight, was taking the Queen Mother to Farnborough, Hampshire, for official engagements.

Now—Miss England The Third

London, May 16.

Platinum blonde Dorothy Hazeldine, 19, today became the third girl in three weeks to wear the "Miss England" beauty crown, after a chapter of accidents had disqualified two previous winners.

Contestants in today's third attempt to find a national representative for the Miss Europe contest to be held in Turkey in July, had to produce a valid passport to show they were over 18 and unmarried. The first Miss England, Julie Cooper, turned out to be only 16 and the second, Wendy Peters, proved to be married.

The second Miss England, Miss Peters, had also admitted wearing an elastic "waist" belt under her swimsuit to nip her waist, although the regulations forbid such structural alterations. Two women attendants today searched contestants for wigs and falsies but drew a blank.

Not For Me

Miss Hazeldine, whose vital statistics are 36-24-37, runs a hairdressing business with her mother in Rochdale, Lancashire. "I don't want to be a model or a film-star," she said. "I want to take over the business." Mr. Eric D. Morley, the contest organizer, said the Miss England mix-up had left him with still another problem. Joyce Cooke, runner-up in the first contest, has threatened to sue because she was not given the title when June Cooper resigned. "This is an election, not a horse-race," Mr. Morley said. "If the successful candidate resigns, you hold another election."—Reuter.

Royal Navy Planes At Kai Tak

Thirteen planes from HMS Bulwark flew in to Hongkong under low clouds to land at Kai Tak this morning before the arrival of the aircraft carrier. They roared in in groups of two between 7 and 8 o'clock. HMS Bulwark, one of Britain's newest aircraft carriers, came into port about 8.30 a.m. today together with her escort vessels, the cruiser HMS Newfoundland and the destroyer HMS Cockade.

Bulwark and the accompanying vessels have just taken part in Sea's "Exercise Oceanlink."

Other vessels which took part in the exercise arrived during the last few days, while more will be coming in within the next 48 hours. HMNZS Royalist is arriving sometime this afternoon.

The 13 planes that took off from HMS Bulwark and landed at Kai Tak this morning were six Sea Venoms, six Sea Hawks and one Sky Raider.

Four Die In Whirlwind

Warsaw, May 16.

Four people were killed and 200 injured last night by a whirlwind which flattened 20 villages near Warsaw. It was reported today by the Polish news agency PAP.—Reuter.

Low Honoured

Fredericton, New Brunswick, May 16. British cartoonist David Low received an honorary degree of doctor of laws at New Brunswick University last night.—China Mail Special.

AMERICAN SATELLITE HIT BY METEORS?

Washington, May 16. One of the radio transmitters on the U.S. Explorer III satellite has stopped transmitting and the other had become erratic, it was disclosed today.

The announcement was made by the National Academy of Sciences. It also estimated that Explorer III will re-enter the Earth's atmosphere and disintegrate in about the middle of July. The satellite was launched on March 26.

Government scientists said there was some evidence the transmitters might have been damaged by minute meteors from Halley's Comet. The scientists said Halley's Comet passed over the Earth twice a year, in May and October, and there was evidence the satellite passed through the meteor cloud. The National Academy said that starting last Friday the larger so-called "command" transmitter failed to respond to the ground signals as consistently as it had earlier. Since last

HK SEAMEN DEMAND DANGER PAY

Singapore, May 16.

Six ships are now held up in Singapore because their crews are asking for danger money for sailing to Indonesia.

The ships are the Hongkong vessel Shona, the Singapore-registered small trader Ilean, the 900-ton Panamanian-registered San Ricardo and the 2,922-ton Norwegian Daviken. The seamen are Hongkong and Singapore Chinese, and Malays. The Malaysian Mariners union is demanding a danger allowance of 50 per cent of basic pay for Indonesia-bound crews.

Boycott?

The union is supported by the Singapore Trades Union Congress, which in a statement last night, said the possibility of a boycott of companies refusing to pay the allowance "could not be ruled out."

The Singapore Chinese Shipowners Association has said it is prepared to negotiate on an allowance for seamen manning ships to the Celebes area, where merchant vessels have been bombed and strafed but it will not pay allowances on ships going to Java and Sumatra, where there have been no air attacks.

The secretary of the Mariners Union, Captain Mohammed Saeed, said one company had offered an allowance of 30 per cent to all Indonesian ports. As this had been offered verbally only, it had been refused, but the union was prepared to negotiate.

Extra Police

Extra police, including two inspectors, were present at the Seamen's Registry Office today. Two hundred sailors were looking for ships, but there were no applications for berths for eight seamen offered by the San Ricardo.—Reuter.

EIGHT DIE IN AIR COLLISION

New York, May 16.

A B-26 Mitchell bomber carrying eight people and a jet fighter plane collided in the air today, over Jacksonville, Florida, the Navy said. The Navy said the fighter pilot parachuted to safety. All eight in the bomber were killed, Police said. Police said one body was recovered.—Reuter.

NEW AIR SPEED RECORD

Los Angeles, May 16.

A Lockheed F-104A Starfire jet today topped the world's operational aircraft speed mark by nearly 200 miles an hour when it reached an average speed of 1,404.79 miles an hour.

The plane at times exceeded 1,500 miles an hour as it was plotted in two runs by Capt. Walter W. Irwin, 34, over the southern California desert, according to Air Force Chief of Staff Gen. T. D. White.—U.P.

Bigger Zeta

London, May 16. Dr. B. F. J. Schonland, Director of the Atomic research establishment at Harwell, announced tonight that a new and more powerful version of "Zeta" Britain's thermonuclear energy-from-the-sea machine, was being planned. He told a press conference that fresh experiments with Zeta had been completed which might well be of "very great value."—Reuter.

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GILMAN MOTORS

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



George C. SCOTT
a guy who has but one aim in life...and
Diana DORS
as his favorite target...in

KING'S

Special Matinees
To-morrow, Sunday

AT 11.00 A.M.
3 STOOGES COMEDIES AND
COLUMBIA TECH. CARTOONS

AT \$1.00 & 1.50

AT 12.00 NOON

The Top Stars—The Top Director—The Top Technicians Combine to Give You the Picture of Your Lifetime and an Outstanding Screen Hit of 1957.

"DO ROY"

(Allan "Two Slices of Bread")
Starring: NICHOLAS BOY & BARBARA ALAN (An Internationally Acclaimed Pair as Best Artists), Johnny Walker, Menna, Randolph, Mira & Others.
Music: ROSEAN
Book Early to avoid Disappointment.
Limited Engagement for one show only.

PRINCESS

Special Matinees
To-morrow, Sunday

At 11.00 a.m.

FOX TECHNICOLOR
TERRYTOON PROGRAMME

At 12.30 p.m.

A 20th Century-Fox picture
"THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS"
Starring Clifton Webb & Gloria Grahame
At Reduced Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

HOOVER LIBERTY

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

BETTER THAN EVER!



MARIO LANZA
Seven Hills
of Rome
RENATA RASCEL
MARISA ALLASIO
PEGGY CASTLE

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon
Fred Astaire
Jane Powell in
"WEDDING BELLS"

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Dean Martin
Jerry Lewis in
"MONEY FROM HOME"

CAPITOL RITZ

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
CAPITOL
W. C. Field in
"DAVID COPPERFIELD"

RITZ
Barbara Stanwyck in
"THE MAVERICK QUEEN"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

IF, during the past week I found occasion to pour praise upon some picture or other, there is a reason. It's not that I am making every goose a wren, but that the cinema people have at last awakened to the fact that if they wanted the industry to survive, they would have to do something about it.

At first they wanted to blame television. What nonsense! As if a screen a few inches square can compare with the size, the technical superiority of the cinema and the atmosphere of a public show. Now, having faced the facts a year ago, we in Hongkong are beginning to reap the benefits of the decision the industry made—which was simply to make fewer and better films.

They thought the big screen, the improved lenses, the deeper colour, would permit them to show any old junky story. People got tired of seeing great herds of cattle, sweeping panoramas, and all of the big screen stuff, and stayed away. Now we have people like Jerry Wald and Mink Robson working overtime on great films. There are two films to praise this week, and not a dud anywhere.

The first of the outstanding films is—"The Young Lions," showing at the Romy and the Broadway. I know star stuff counts for far more than it should in Hongkong, and many people will look no further than cast to go running to see the film. In this case, they are quite correct. While I never follow a star around myself, trying for more on the producer and director, it just happens that I have seen every film Brando has made.

In "The Young Lions," we get another wonderful performance proving that Brando is a supreme artist who has carried into the film world all the histrionic values that his art contains.

He plays the part of a German soldier as he wanted it played. Some cynical critics said this was because he had his eye on the German box office. That is of course not only rubbishy criticism, but a complete misconception of an artist, such as Brando is.

It is obvious from the way in which Brando handles his part that he perceived it to be the perfect medium for the portrayal of that character which modern film dismisses so lightly as "mixed up."

Such is not quite true, but as Brando sees the part, it is the situation most men would have to face in similar circumstances. He is the soldier who is fighting automation orders and regulations determine he must be? Or is there room to cultivate on the battlefield? The more humanitarian qualities cultivate in more, harmonious surroundings?

Of course, as the part is written—and more important, as it is played by Brando—we have every nuance of the theme heightened in order to extract its maximum content. In the end, he takes it along to that world weariness that follows the too-precise idealist, and one wonders if the end is peace at last. A really great performance by Brando.

Regarding Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin. They give good performances, very fine indeed, but it is becoming increasingly obvious to any who have followed Brando as I have done, that it is impossible to play alongside him.

He does not attempt to steal a scene, he uses none of those cheap tricks a lesser artist would use, but it takes more than an actor to play with him. Brando is one of the few people who get their personality across. Niven can, and one or two others, and as far as I see it, if you want a better balanced

film, you will have to have stronger casting opposite Brando.

The points with "The Young Lions" are now stated for your benefit: It's an intelligent film. If your brains are as light as the popcorn they sell in the cinema, it is not your film. It's well produced and excellently directed. Some people imagine that the theme is new. Of course it is not. It is as old as questioning humanity. Why do the paths of certain persons cross at such a given moment? The answer, Irwin Shaw works out, is that it is fatalistic in that theme. It is fatalistic in that theme. It is fatalistic in that theme.

I could go on with what is accepted as the critic's blurb these days, such as I liked Hope Lange's performance, or I thought Miss Rush was good in this. Such is neither criticism—certainly not film criticism.

The point with this film is it reaches for the stars, it questions, it strives after the answers—even if it does not find them. The credit then belongs to Dmytryk who directed it. It is a film where the director had to identify, and intelligently appreciate the film's business. In the hands of a man of less intelligence, it would have been a parody of an epic, a burlesque in Twentieth Century costume of "War and Peace."

Take no notice of the preposterous blurb which the local people use in their advertisements; it is used by them because it is prepared to sell the film to the many-headed. The film doesn't need it. "The Young Lions" is great in its own right. Its theme is great, its production is great. It is as great as humanity, and as poverty stricken. Cruel, remorseless, part God, part devil, but always bewildered, it shows man at his weakest and his rare best.

★

I REFUSE to subscribe to the polite fiction maintained by both trade and critics about "Windom's Way," now at the Lee and Astor. Before commenting on the film, you are asked to subscribe to a grammatical fiction that although you can see Malayan hats, Malayan people, and Chinese terrorist bands, you have no idea where the film is taken, or what it represents.

Assuming I am writing for grown-up people, you will know instantly that you are seeing a film on a highly controversial subject, with Windom's way of doing things suggested as being better than the old official way.

It is a beautiful film made in Eastman Colour, and it takes the atmosphere of the East as no former film has done. Where the film is mature and intelligent, it does not ram its ideas nor ideals down your throat. You, sitting in the audience, have got to make your own mind. Is Windom's humanitarian approach the correct approach?

Peter Finch takes over the role of Windom admirably, in fact, he becomes Dr. Windom. Here you get no smiling patient idealist, but a man driven to his last by the conviction that he is right, and bureaucracy in stupid, a point well made which received a handclap from me.

Mary Ure as his socially ambitious wife also gives a great performance. For once you get an atmosphere of reality. I mean women do perspire in the East; their hair gets limp and damp, they get sweaty, grubby, and bad-tempered.

A nice cool performance is that of Natasha Parry as Anna, the sister at Windom's hospital. Nothing in the dialogue betrays

the fact that she is in love with Windom, but you know it the moment they meet.

Michael Hordern as the arrogant manager of a rubber estate is the antithesis of "Windom's Way." I admired his portrayal of the type, possibly because I know the type so well. The kind who is always calling for violence as long as he is not physically involved, and incidentally, who fawns and groves if he ever gets caught. I know him so well, and so does Michael Hordern presumably.

However, all this does not make the picture, so what are the points? This political-cum-adventure adaptation of James Ramsey Ullman's best seller scores in the following points of appeal.

The story is topical, it is taking place right now, under your nose. In putting over the idea, you have an impeccable performance from Peter Finch as Dr. Windom, and he is supported by outstanding performances from the other leading players.

The production is polished, quite as polished as "The Bridge on the River Kwai." There is faultless direction which creates a living suspenseful atmosphere which literally hurls the film along to its climax.

Then to this is added rich detail, smooth dialogue, controlled crowd scenes, and all the lively violence against the lush tropical vegetation of the jungle.

Made by the Rank Organisation in one of their inspired moments, it is a great film.

THE gag around "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," now showing at the Star and Metropole is as old as the Roaring Twenties. The gag is "Snatching" which was good Broadway for kidnapping. In fact, this profession became so popular at one time, especially when the practitioners asked for half of Manhattan for a ransom, that the authorities sent one or two of them to sit in Mr. Edison's rocking chair.

However, this snatched mention of the film, is a sort of reluctant kidnapping carried out by Keenan Wynn and Ralph Meeker.

The only connection between the title and the film is that Jane Russell wears a night gown which is all part of the saucy sexy get-up of the film. Adolphe Menjou creeps into the film as the head of a studio whose leading starlet has been kidnapped.

Crazy, sexy, and Jane Russell in a blonde wig and little else besides, you have the set up for this probably improbable picture.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

LEE & ASTOR: "Windom's Way." Eastman Colour adventure melodrama. Adapted from James Ramsey Ullman's best seller. Story about a doctor who becomes involved in the political and industrial unrest in Malaya. The plot is absorbing; characterization splendid; direction is smooth; domestic by leader and superb, deftly impossible dialogue smooth and natural; photography superb; highlights thrilling. A great film made with courage on a great and absorbing subject, the more so because the plot is vivid and part of current affairs. Peter Finch, Mary Ure, and Natasha Parry.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Young Lions." Black & White. Epic of war is full of them from the studios of 20th-Century Fox. Made with superb artistry and controlled direction, Marion Brando dominates the film with classic performance. Characterization keen; treatment imaginative; romantic interest well sustained from clean New England streets to shabby collaborators in Rome. Fine atmosphere, authentic, and finale classic high spot. Marion Brando, Montgomery Clift, and Dean Martin.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: An all sorts colourful travelogue—cum—comedy melodrama involving Lanza and Renato Rascel, and Maria Allasio. Set in the art quarter of Rome, you get taken all over the city. Shows with some comedy the American tourist working on a tight schedule with a few minutes to spare for the Sistine Chapel. Fights, cafe smashed up; some

mingling by Lanza; boy gets girl stuff; all happy ever afterwards. Good entertainment for cinema-goers who relax or much, pocket STAR & METROPOLE: "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown." Farical comedy dealing with a resourceful young starlet who lets herself be kidnapped on the night of the premiere of her big film. Sedgy, sexy, a Jane Russell in a blonde wig and a twinkle in her eye. Story thin; pocket farical melodrama; characters are snatched highly improbable; but much fun is had by all. Jane Russell, Keenan Wynn, Ralph Meeker. Also on same programme is the film of the world middleweight championship fight between Sugar Ray Robinson and Carmen Basilio.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "I Married a Woman." La Belle Dors as a cheesecake, and George C. Scott as a mouse that was fond of nibbling at cheesecakes. La Dors as the blondest blonde in the business has still to prove that she can act. Tale engaging, characters so-so; heart angle, hard, sulky, cross, burst of deep-freeze passion. Also Adolphe Menjou, with Jessie Royce Landis; Rita Talbot; William Redfield; and Steve Dunne.

QUEEN'S: "Black Narcissus." Rehearsal of this highly controversial film. Superb and exciting theme; beautifully filmed in Technicolor; decadent atmosphere which is assumed to be a corrupting atmosphere among a community of Anglican Sisters. The performance which set Deborah Kerr on her road to fame. Also David Farrar and Flora Robson.

COMING

LEE & ASTOR: "Carve Her Name With Pride." True life story of Violetta Szabo. Shop girl at 19; war widow at 21; killed in a German concentration camp at the age of 23. Virginia McKenna gives spirited performance as Violetta Szabo. Sincere, restrained; sober; good characterization; deep emotional; a great incident now immortalized on the screen. Olette acted as technical adviser to the film of the first woman to win the George Cross. Violetta Szabo, Virginia McKenna; Tony Franks (fellow agent) Paul Schofield; Violetta's father, Jack Warner; Mother, Denise Grey; Violetta's husband, Alvin Sauty; Denise, Nicole Stephanie; Jacques, Maurice Maheut.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Bitter Victory." Desert drama in which the incidents of a patrol sent on a desperate mission to Baghdad are related to the fact that the chief characters are fighting among themselves. Exciting scene in the actual attack on the Iraqi HQ, with all the machine on the scene back. Good casting; good direction; very realistic background. A real punch in the last shot. Richard

Burton, Curt Jurgens, and Ruth Roman.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Witness For the Prosecution." A perfect streamlined film which, if you do not know the plot, has you guessing up to the last moment. Masterly characterization by Charles Laughton. Superb direction, good casting, vivid, exciting; suspense skillfully drawn out. Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Ems, Lancaster, and John Williams.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Bonjour Tristesse." Top class Otto Prelinger production. A sophisticated decadent journey where rich people bemoan about wretched yesterday and uncertain tomorrow. Critical, bitter, sweet atmosphere; exaggerated anecdotal faded photographs. A very attractive cast including morena part for Jean Seberg; Deborah Kerr; David Niven; superb Deborah Kerr; and Geoffrey Horne. Mylene Demogot, with Juliette Groce to sing the theme song.

QUEEN'S: Continuing film festival series with first time shown Continental, and revival of classic.

OPENS QUEEN'S TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

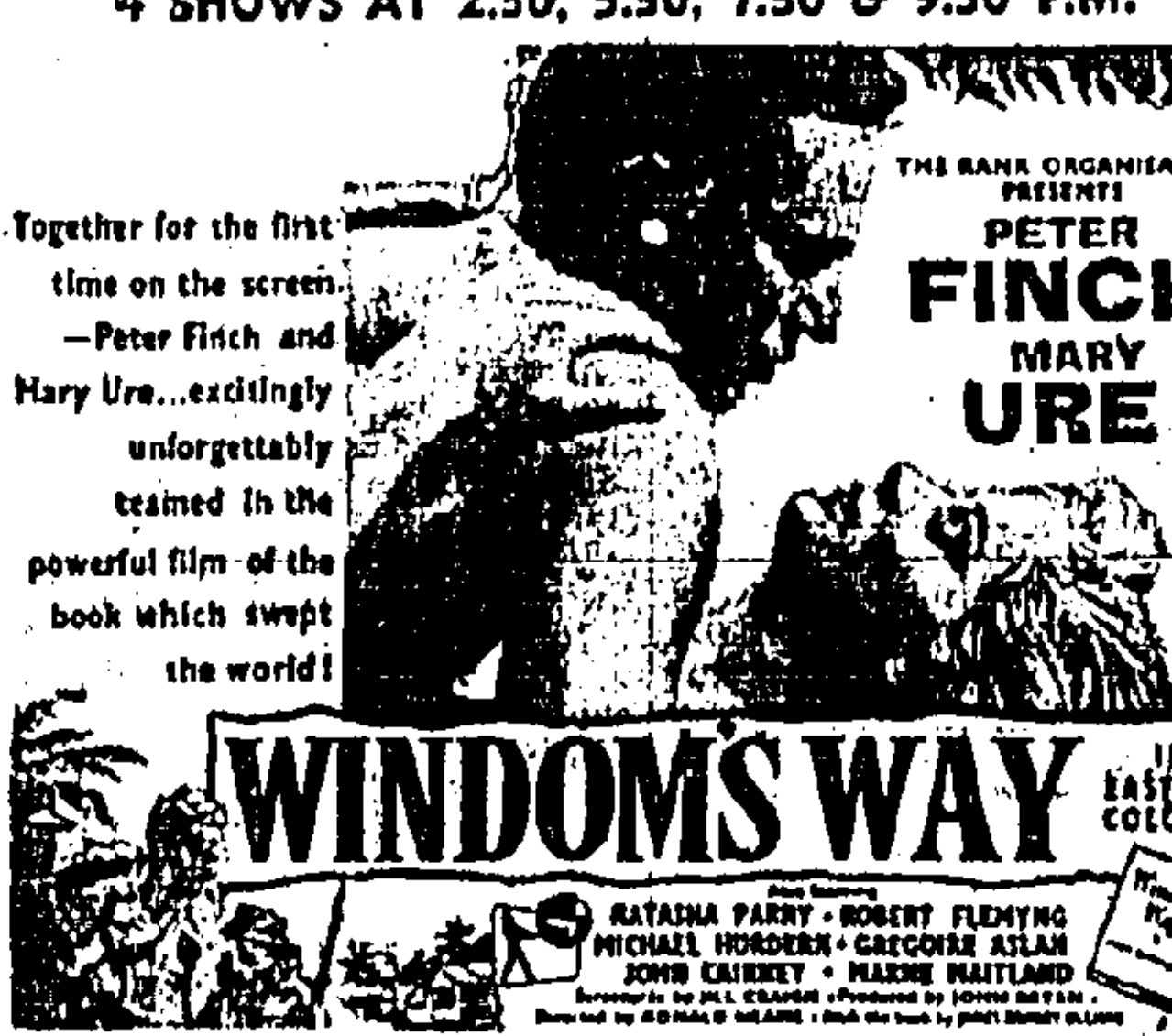


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ALSO: LATEST CAUMONT BRITISH NEWS—
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CITY OF NO BUSES, etc., etc.

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 Noon
TECHNICOLOR
TERRYTOONS
from Fox

ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
COLOUR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
"THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN"

At Reduced Prices!

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

• GRAND OPENING TO-DAY •
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



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BETTER THAN RINGO! SEE IT NOW ON FILM!
THE RETURN MATCH OF THE CENTURY!
BASILIO ROBINSON

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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Sophie Loren in
"WOMAN OF THE RIVER"
In Eastman Color—At Reduced Prices

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Do You Want To Put Weight On?



DOWN into an unexplored, flooded cellar, and (right) over the side into a moat... treasure-hunting frogmen at work.

Frogmen
Search Moat
To Prove
A Legend

London. FIVE frogmen last week searched the moat of a 14th-century mansion and an ancient flooded cellar to prove a 600-year-old legend.

After they had dived for six hours at Salisbury Hall, near St Albans, Hertfordshire, the owner, Captain Walter Goldsmith, said: "The frogmen have proved there is something valuable in my moat."

They had brought up from the 16ft-deep moat an 18in. carved head ornament deeply pitted with age.

More important, their leader, Lieutenant David Pearson, aged 27, touched two long carved objects too heavy to lift.

Captain Goldsmith, who bought the hall three years ago, believes these may be missing statues which are mentioned in the Dictionary of National Biography.

"It is believed," he said, "they were scuttled with many other valuables by the Earl of Salisbury, who died in a Rose battle in 1471."

'COSMETIC FAT'
WITH
FATTENING PILLS

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

London. FOR the first time doctors feel confident that they can do something to help the thousands of women—and men—who want to put weight on.

Fattening tablets which stop up the body's power to make muscles and flesh from food can now be prescribed through the Health Service.

They can also be bought over the chemist's counter, though doctors advise that they should be taken only under medical supervision.

Encouraging

The white tablets contain a synthetic "hormone"—a chemical similar to a natural glandular extract—called androstano-

Tests are in progress in British and US hospitals with results officially described as "highly encouraging."

People who are excessively thin by nature cannot normally put on weight because their body-engines are rated too high.

They burn up their tissues as fast as they build them up—even faster in the case of those who find they are losing a few ounces each time they stop on the scales.

Skinny Men

Even in experiments in which skinny men stuffed themselves with food almost to bursting point the gain in weight was negligible and did not last.

The fattening tablets appear to act in two ways:

ONE: They increase the appetite.

TWO: They lower the rating of the body's engines so that the tissues are built up faster than they are burned away.

Previously hormone drugs have not been used to fatten human beings because they had unpleasant side-effects, especially in women. With androstano-

From my inquiries there seems to be no medical reason

WEARS A
KILT TO
INHERIT
FORTUNE

Johannesburg.

ALEXANDER Cowie Willcox, 38, donned a kilt for the first time on May 1 and vowed to wear it until next May Day.

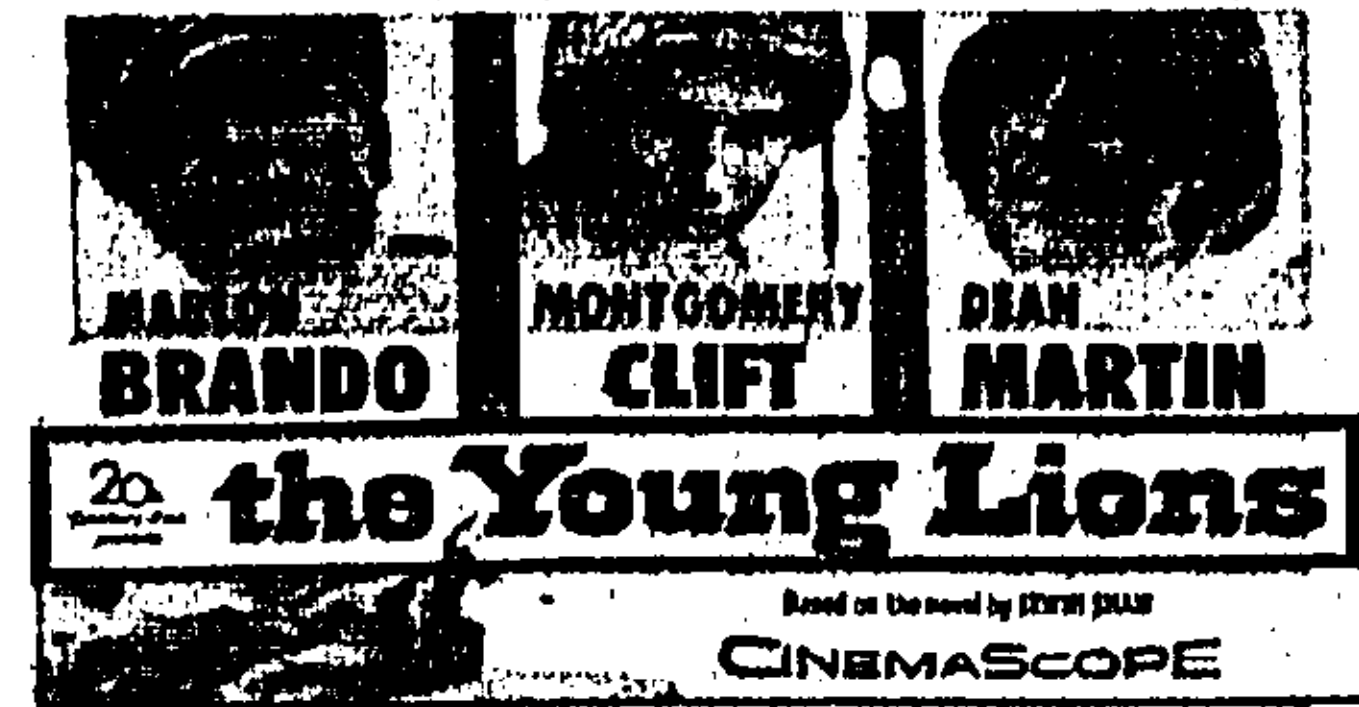
He said that "although I'm going to look like a real fool," he'll stick to the highland garb because it's a condition under which he will inherit money under the will of his Scotch grandfather.

Willcox, a comedian who cracks Afrikaner jokes on South African music hall tours, said he doesn't know how much he stands to get but is prepared to take that chance.

Willcox's grandfather said in his will: "To all members of my family with the first names Alexander Cowie I leave my money provided they wear the kilt from May Day this year until May Day next."—United Press.

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UNPOPULARITY
OF SUSPENDERS
FOR PANTS
LAMENTED

London. THE authoritative Times of London commented sadly on the state mankind is reaching without suspenders to hold his pants up.

The Times said in an editorial headed "In Defence of Braces" that "there seems to be a growing and, as many of the more clearly and conservatively will think an unjust prejudice" against them.

According to the Times, the upholders of braces "feel blessedly relaxed" when their pants are duly upheld in the old-fashioned way.

"If one of the elders goes into a shop to buy a pair of trousers off the peg he will probably be shown some that are admirable in other ways but having not a vestige of a button," the newspaper told its readers.

Gentle Pity

"The urbane vendor will tell him with a gentle pity that they are so cut as to be self-supporting."

But the Times warned darkly: "If he believes this he will probably find himself sooner or later in a most critical situation."

The only consolation that the old-fashioned may draw is that they now may buy suspenders adorned, like their ties, with the colours of their old school or regiment, the newspaper said.—United Press.

London. Mounted police were called to control crowds and an enterprising Londoner who passed his hat around after delivering a lecture on stocks in West-End Knightsbridge when passers-by noticed a "white bird nesting" in a 100-foot chimney.

Mrs. Valerie Robert, disillusioned them. She said the pol-
sary "stock" had been there for months and "my husband put some sticks around him as a joke."—United Press.

SPECIAL TREE
FOR THE
LONELY HEART

By HENRY MACLENNON

Florence. EVERY year in the spring-time in the country districts around here young girls make for the little village of Pianosinatico. For high on a mountain top nearby there is a special tree which, according to tradition, can make the wish of a lonely heart come true.

Pianosinatico village is much like the hundreds of other little villages in the Tuscan hills. It is situated at the foot of a mountain called Cappel d'Orlando and the small river called Sestiane. The district is rich in legend of early Italian history and the story of a knight who spurred his horse to jump the Sestiane River to save his lady love is the most popular fable.

According to legend an oak tree sprang up overnight on the spot where the knight's horse landed after jumping the river. And it was an ordinary tree. Its trunk was split in a V-shape and the top branches of the oak formed an oval to complete the form of a heart. For more than 500 years the oak has been called "Albero dell'Amore" (The Tree of Love).

It is believed that if a young girl desires love and matrimony she will meet her true love only after she has encircled the "Albero dell'Amore" and that the wishes of the lonely hearts come true after a visit to the tree.

But it is not easy to climb to the spot where the strange oak tree grows. There is no road and there is a narrow goat path only part of the way. The remainder of the route is across rocky terrain and steep crevices through which the swift Sestiane River flows.

DOESN'T STOP

It does not stop the many young ladies, however. On Sundays and holidays several feminine groups can be seen making their way out of Pianosinatico along the banks of the Sestiane.

Not all of them are local girls either. There are often a number of foreign tourists who go along "for the fun of it". In the first group which visited the tree this year there were one Swiss, two English, and four Swedish girls who made the pilgrimage.

However, the way up to the tree is full of scenic beauty well worth the trip. That is why young men also like to make the trip as well.—United Press.

GETAWAY
BICYCLE
TAKEN

Nottingham.

John Kevanagh, 21, began one year's probation last week because someone got away with his "get-away" bicycle while he was robbing a jeweller.

Police said Kevanagh stole the bicycle, snatched a ring from a jewellery store counter, and ran out to where he had left the bike. But it wasn't there.

The jeweller caught Kevanagh, who learned in court that the bicycle's owner happened along while he was in the store, spotted it and rode it home.—United Press.

CHILDREN
OBJECT TO
TEENAGERS

Castleton.

GRADE-SCHOOL girls in this Derbyshire village threatened a boycott of a 300-year-old ceremony because teenagers are molesting it.

The children are scheduled to take part in the traditional dance around the Maypole on May 15, commemorating the anniversary of the return of King Charles II to England in 1660 from exile in France.

This year, however, the organisers have invited girls up to the age of 15 to take part. The youngsters said that the teenagers are pushing them into the background.

"If these people don't drop out there won't be a Maypole dance," said one determined 10-year-old. Dance organiser Fred Robinson said he would have things ironed out by the time the dance is due.—United Press.

London.

A GARAGE attendant at Sax-mundham, Suffolk, dug a gold ring, set with rubies and diamonds, from the tread of a car tyre he was repairing.

THE BABY WHO
ATE A
BATTLESHIP

London.

TODDLER Neil Bridge-Stock was boasting last week: "I have got a ship in my tummy." He had too. A two-inch plastic battleship.

Neil, aged two, swallowed the battleship as he played at home in Peterborough.

He vomited... not from pain but because the ship had been his favourite toy.

Said his mother: "We turned him upside down. We thumped him on the back. We tried everything."

Later in hospital Neil was X-rayed. The battleship did not show up.

But doctors assured his mother that he was in no danger.

COULDN'T
CARE LESS

London.

About a dozen, racing dogs, who chase mechanical rabbits as if their lives depended on it, were all set to go at Wigan Woodhouse Stadium here.

Suddenly, a rabbit—a real, live rabbit—bounded onto the track and took off at top speed.

The rabbit circled the track once and disappeared through a gap in the fence while the dogs, yawning slightly, looked on without interest.—United Press.

GET SET FOR EVEN MORE SPARKLE WITH THIS

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refreshing lift!Nothing does it
like Seven-Up

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



The long-legged Duke of Kent steps into a Jaguar sports car on the track at Carterhall, Berwickshire, where he clocked a speed of just under 100 mph.



RIGHT TOP:

The Maharani of Mysore is seen clearing dishes at the London coffee bar in which she is a waitress. It is 12 months since she flew back to Britain from Calcutta and six months since she announced that their marriage had failed and she was seeking a divorce. She was the former beauty queen Janet Hicks who married Prince Duli, Maharajah of Mysore.



LEFT: Back from the Caribbean, Princess Margaret was met by Queen Elizabeth at London Airport. They are seen as they came down the airway from the airliner. Later they dined together at Buckingham Palace.



His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester watches Army apprentice chefs making pastry and confectionery during a recent visit to St Omer Barracks, Aldershot. — Army News Service.

RIGHT: Claude Perfect (20) left England five months ago as a Roman Catholic private in the RASC. He returns here as Private Piers Singh... a Sikh with a shiny black beard.



LEFT: Godfrey Glubb (18) undergraduate son of Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb has announced plans to become a Moslem; marry an 18-year-old Arab girl, Susan Issi of Amman; fight with the Algerian rebels against France; make a pilgrimage to Mecca; and carve a career like his father in the Arab Legion. He says his father would prefer him to remain in the Christian faith but is "very tolerant".



LEFT: The cry was "Good old Winnie," and "Glad you made it" when Sir Winston Churchill made one of his rare public appearances for the Royal Academy Dinner at Burlington House.

RIGHT: Flattery for Ella Fitzgerald after her arrival at London Airport. Conversation went... Mr Gerald Lascelles (the Queen's cousin): "Ella, I think your style is terrific." Ella: "Well thanks, honey. It's swell of you to say so."

RIGHT: Lady Dalketh has a first look at the finished portrait of herself by John Merton at the Private View of the Royal Academy. She arrived when the crowd was at its height and had to slip through the throng to obtain her first viewing. Her comment... "I like it, but it flatters me."



EXPRESS PICTURES

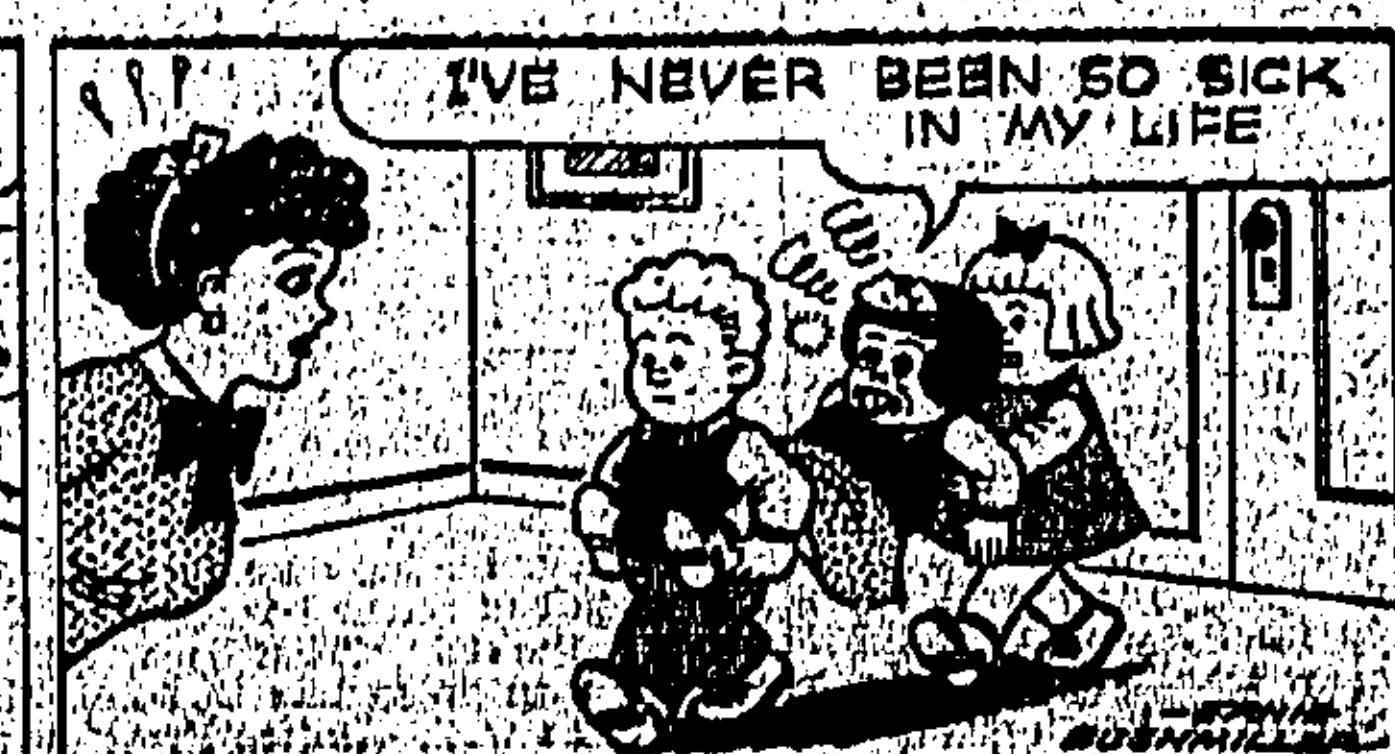
BELOW: Newest shape in the skies... the Naval A bomber Blackburn NA39. The plane took to the skies on the exact date set three years ago by the Ministry of Supply.

EXPRESS PICTURES



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace
Thompson

Catty

THIS is a measure of weight, the equivalent of 1.33 lbs. The New English Dictionary believes it to be of Malayo-Javanese origin though it is not unlikely that, like many other pidgin and Anglo-Indian words, it came to English through Portuguese. This weight is widely used in China and South-East Asia and is well-known in Hongkong—even by griffins.

An earlier form appears in Eden, *Decades*, p.259: "They received in Camble for XVII Cathyla of quicke silver, one Buhar."

Chop

A BRAND or seal. Often the rubber stamp, in Hongkong. The New English Dictionary says that this word was "carried by European traders to China, where it is now used in senses that have become obsolete." In 1014, in *Milward's Pictorial*, p.558, "The King of Achen sent us his chop." In the sense of brand, e.g. 1st. chop, 2nd. chop, etc., we have examples from the early nineteenth century. An early Victorian snob complained that he must make up his table "with directors, military men, and such like second chop." Gallons of ink have flowed in order that the true origin of this word might be found. As it makes an early appearance in India in both the modern Indian dialects and Portuguese as *chapa* many of the older authorities were convinced of its Indian origin. Yet this same word was used by half Portuguese and Spaniards before the modern period of association between Europe and the Sub-Continent. In a strictly European milieu the word usually means (and still means) a small metal plate. Since this meaning appears to have been rare in India the older etymologists were not prepared to accept it as the vigorous gentler of so many Indianisms.

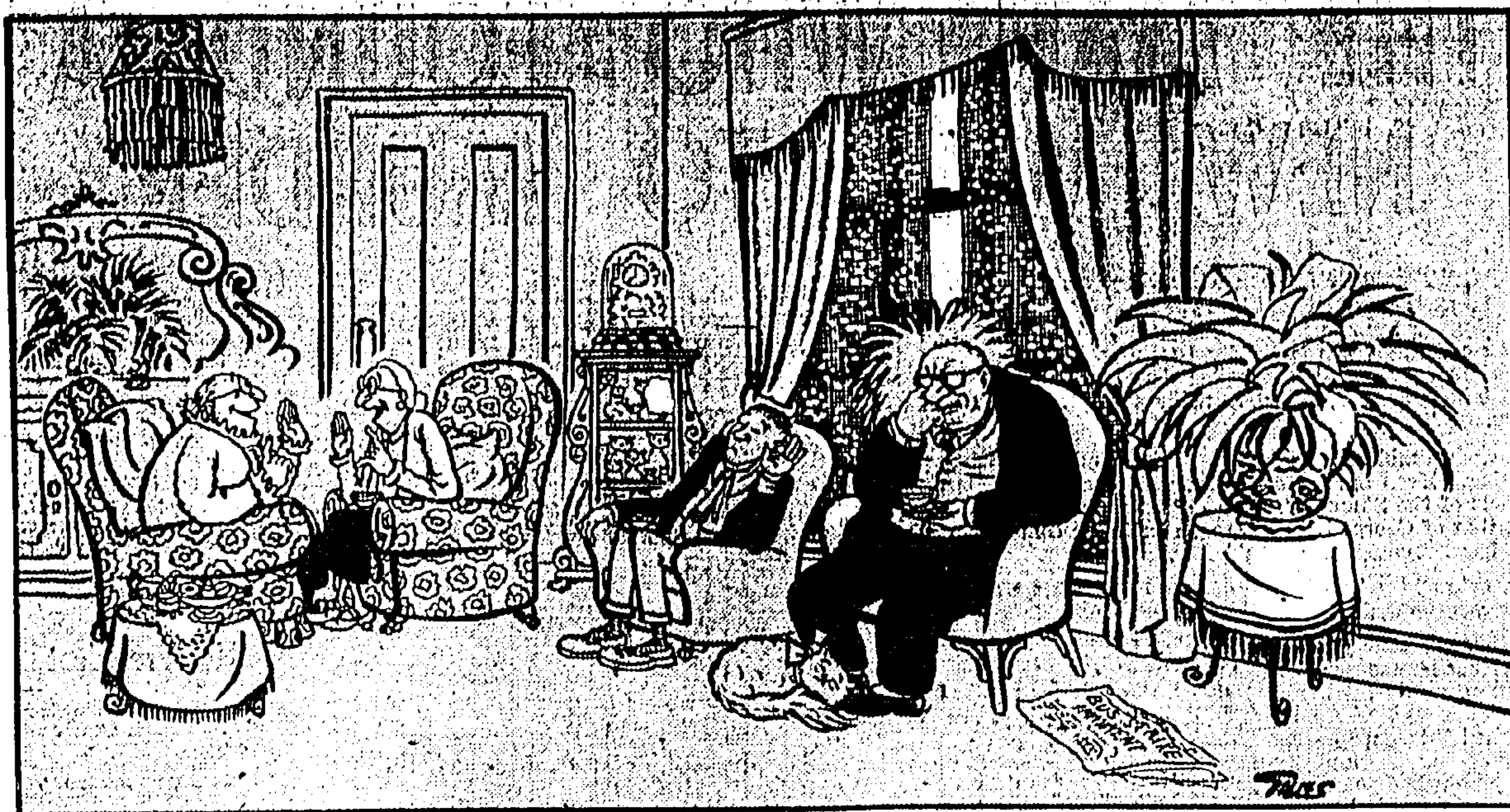
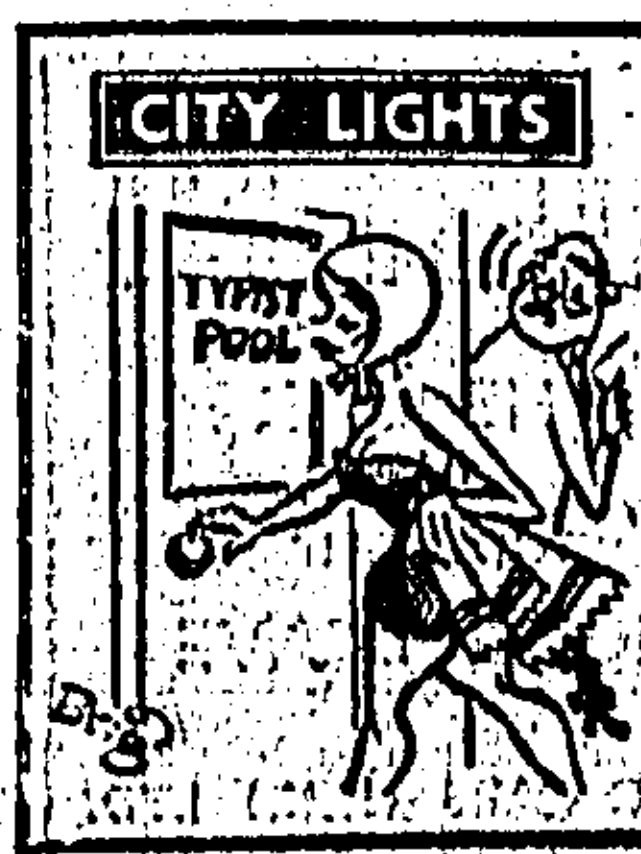
In a Chinese glossary of Macao Portuguese, published towards the middle of the eighteenth century, opposite the Chinese rubric meaning "the smith," I have reconstructed the form *chopare* (tyro, giving the modern Hume Shan pronunciation to the Chinese transcription. This word would certainly translate "smith," but it seems to me that there is just a chance that it meant "chop-maker."

Chow

FOOD. The New English Dictionary lists this word for both pidgin-English and Anglo-Indian usage. A writer in 1800 speaks of getting an invitation to a "first rate Chow-chow or Chinese dinner."

The origins of this word are obscure, though its use in a broad semantic field seems to be widespread in the East. The link which unites the varied meanings given to this word is defined by Yule and Burnell, *Hobson-Jobson*, in the words: "the idea of mixture seems to prevail." Thus, in India, *chow-chow* often meant untidy, worthless, disorganised, but never when applied to food. In 1822 traders speak of a *chow-chow* cargo when they meant a mixed one. A *chow-chow* shop was not a restaurant but a shop where one could buy anything. The (probably deliberate) error that dog-meat is one of the most important lines of Chinese diet gave the common *chow* dog its name.

In a song, recorded for me by a lady born in Hongkong, the following lines appear as protest against the modern woman: "Wives at gambling tables, Hubby gets no chow."



"Get a message through to your mother, son. If we miss that last bus we're here for keeps."

FROM RAGS TO RICHES: 12

By JOHN COTTRELL

It is chiefly people with a special gift who have progressed from rags to riches. Some have displayed a remarkable flair for business. Some have had a great artistic talent. Some have made millions through their eloquence or charm.

Yet it is possible for a pauper to achieve great prosperity without any of these attributes, provided he has an unusually powerful physique and stamina, plenty of courage, and an expert trainer.

Such a man can literally fight his way to a fortune. He can become a professional boxer. Probably no other profession has brought riches to so many men of very humble origin. The heavyweight champions of the world have included: John L. Sullivan, a plumber; James J. Braddock, a bootmaker; Jess Willard, a cowboy; Jack Dempsey, a hobo; Primo Carnera, a carpenter's apprentice; Max Baer, a butcher; Jim Braddock, a dockworker; Joe Louis, a cotton-picker-turned-truck-driver; and Floyd Patterson, a former reform-school boy.

Many of these men started life in the humblest circumstances and nearly all of them took to boxing out of necessity rather than love of sport. They found it a most rewarding profession.

Unfortunately, few great boxers have been shrewd enough to keep the fortunes which passed through their hands. Some, dazzled by success, have squandered their prize money on pleasure. Others have invested their money in foolhardy schemes.

Only a handful of world champions have managed to keep the bulk of their wealth. The most financially successful of them all is a Shakespeare-loving ex-Marine called Gene Tunney.

Quit at his peak

He was world heavyweight champion for only three years. But he made a fortune in the ring, quit the boxing game at the height of his career, and invested his money wisely. Today, he is a millionaire.

Tunney was the shrewdest heavyweight ever to don a pair of boxing gloves. He was not interested in achieving glory and great popularity. He was a professional boxer for one thing only—MONEY.

Other champions of his time would enjoy the "night life" of big cities, make frequent appearances before their fans, and generally court publicity. Not Tunney.

In his view, his duty to the public ended as soon as he left the ring. His job was to entertain as a boxer. What he did out of the ring was entirely his own affair.

Fighting Marine

It was World War I which undoubtedly led to his becoming a professional boxer. War usually produces great fighters, and as a fighting Marine, Tunney was expected to be able to look after himself in the ring.

He had already won several major amateur contests and in the U.S. Marines he was able to train harder than ever before. In 1919, he attracted European interest by winning a competition in Paris staged by the American Expeditionary Force.

As soon as he was mobilised, Gene exchanged his uniform for a pair of boxing trunks and started making money fast over his professional career.

It took Tunney just three years to reach the top. By 1922, he was unbeaten in 30 professional bouts and had won the light-heavyweight championship of America by defeating Baitling Levinsky.

But that was to be the most critical year of his career. A few months later he took a terrible hiding from the fast and furious Harry Greb. Only Tunney's superb fitness kept him on his feet for the full 15 rounds. He lost his title and his reputation was severely damaged.

Most fighters would never have recovered from so decisive a beating. But it made Tunney more determined than ever to win back his title and last defeat was to be his first and last as a professional boxer.

He retired to the backwoods for weeks of intensive training. Then, superbly fit, he returned to New York early in 1923 to beat Greb just as thoroughly as Greb had beaten him.

Conquered Carpentier

Then it was back to more rigorous training. For four years he trained and fought constantly. He beat Greb a second time and went on victoriously through the light-heavyweight division, beating, among others, the famous Georges Carpentier.

The majority of that crowd was confident Dempsey, world champion for eight years, would be the winner. He had successfully defended his title five times, and eliminated all the obvious contenders.

Dempsey had not fought for a long time and, at the age of 31, was past the peak of his boxing ability. But the fans had tremendous faith in his prowess. Tunney, five years younger, was still generally regarded as a second-rater.

Yet the Dempsey-Tunney clash, like the famous meeting between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett, turned out to be a magnificent match between slugger and scientist.

Dempsey, as tough as they come, was the boxing manager's pipe-dream come true—a savage knock-out specialist who could also take an atomic punch and stay on his feet. Tunney, on the other hand, though tough as oak, was a defensive fast-moving fighter, renowned for his strategy rather than the ruthlessness of his attack.

And it was the scientist who scored with the first blow in the world-title fight—a straight right to the jaw which shook the champion only a few seconds from the start.

Dempsey kept rushing the elusive challenger, but the fighting-fit Tunney was forever on the move, blocking, scoring, and countering, dancing out of range of Dempsey's famous devastating left-hook.

By the fourth round, Tunney was well ahead on points. His speed and ringcraft were superior: he had the fight well in hand.

Fortunately for Dempsey the fight was over only 10 rounds. At the final bell he was still on his feet, but was a very battered, bewildered and exhausted man. He had lost the world title he had held for eight years.

The "Long Count"

The result caused a worldwide sensation. Many of Dempsey's fans just could not believe Tunney was the better man. It was different the next time they said, when Dempsey had prepared really seriously for the fray.

A crowd of 104,943 paid the record sum of \$2,058,000 to see the return fight at Soldier's Field, Chicago, almost exactly a year later. Tunney received \$999,000.

The contest produced one of the most hotly debated incidents in boxing history and it will be for ever known as the Battle of the Long Count.

For the first six rounds, the mixture was very much as before, with Dempsey as the charging bull and Tunney as the elusive elusive mauler. The aggressive "Manassa Mauler", hungry for revenge, attacked throughout, never discouraged by Tunney's evasive tactics which were steadily piling up points. Then, in the seventh round, a battered, bleeding Dempsey made a sensational comeback. For a fleeting moment, Tunney left his few unguarded and in a flash the famous Dempsey left-hook had exploded on his jaw. A right to the jaw followed and Tunney was down for the very first time in his career.

But, to everyone's astonishment, the referee did not start his count. Instead, he was busy trying to hustle Dempsey back to a neutral corner. The title challenger had forgotten the strict rule that a boxer, on falling his opponent, must retire to the farthest neutral corner.

When he had ushered the impatient Dempsey into a corner, referee Dave Barry started his count—at least four, possibly six, seconds after Tunney had hit the canvas.

At the count of nine, Tunney was on his feet and quickly boxing himself out of further trouble. In round eight, he floored Dempsey with a short right and finished the fight way ahead on points.

Tunney's story

Gene Tunney had successfully defended his world title. But the fact remained that he had been down on the canvas for at least 14 seconds. And, as everyone knows, when a boxer is put down for 10 seconds he is counted as "knocked out" and defeated.

For nearly 30 years arguments about the boxing prowess of Tunney have centred on the question of that count. In strict accordance with the rules, he was certainly the rightful winner. But there remains the possibility that Dempsey might now be the only man to have regained the world heavyweight title, having once lost it if only he had retired immediately to the corner corner in the "Battle of the Long Count."

Tunney, tongue in cheek, said of the incident: "Jack was a friend of mine. He looked in and saw when I knocked me down. So I figured I would stay down as long as possible to let him get his breath back."

Whatever the truth of the matter, it is certain that Gene Tunney was one of the greatest of all scientific fighters. He always used his brains in the ring, and he studied Dempsey in action several times before deciding the best way to defeat him.

After winning and successfully defending his title against Dempsey, Gene Tunney had only one more fight—against Tom Heeney at New York in 1929. The promoter lost money on the fight because of the small attendance.

Heeney was blinded by punches in the eighth round and Tunney, realising his opponent's hopeless condition, did not attempt to hit him hard again. The contest was stopped in the eleventh round.

Then, after only two fights as world champion, Gene Tunney retired—undefeated as champion, unmarked, and the richest pugilist in boxing history. In less than 10 years as a professional boxer he made about \$400,000.

Why did he quit at the height of his career when he was still strong and young enough to make many more thousands of dollars in the ring? Tunney explained the scholarly Tunney. "Hunger and want alone give you the tenacity to win. That is why, my son, although I am retired in boxing, I will never take it up, professionally. They have no need to."

Since his retirement, Tunney has shown as much shrewdness out of the ring as he displayed in it. He has more than doubled the fortune he made as a boxer.

At 57, he is now a director of several big companies and a millionaire-industrialist.

During World War II, the ex-privateer served as a lieutenant-commander and was put in charge of the U.S. Navy's physical training programme. He invented new kinds of exercises for servicemen and toured Allied war theatres.

Tunney never contemplated making a comeback. His only fight since retirement was in a quiz contest. He won a purse of \$1,000 by "knocking-out" a university professor on questions about literature.

Today, Tunney looks the complete businessman. Sardonically elegant, he has a beautiful country home, and three fit sons. He still takes a pride in keeping fit, but confines his exercise to the tennis court.

He laughs at the old saying "Everything comes to him who waits." "All that comes that way," he says, "is bills, dreams and old age."

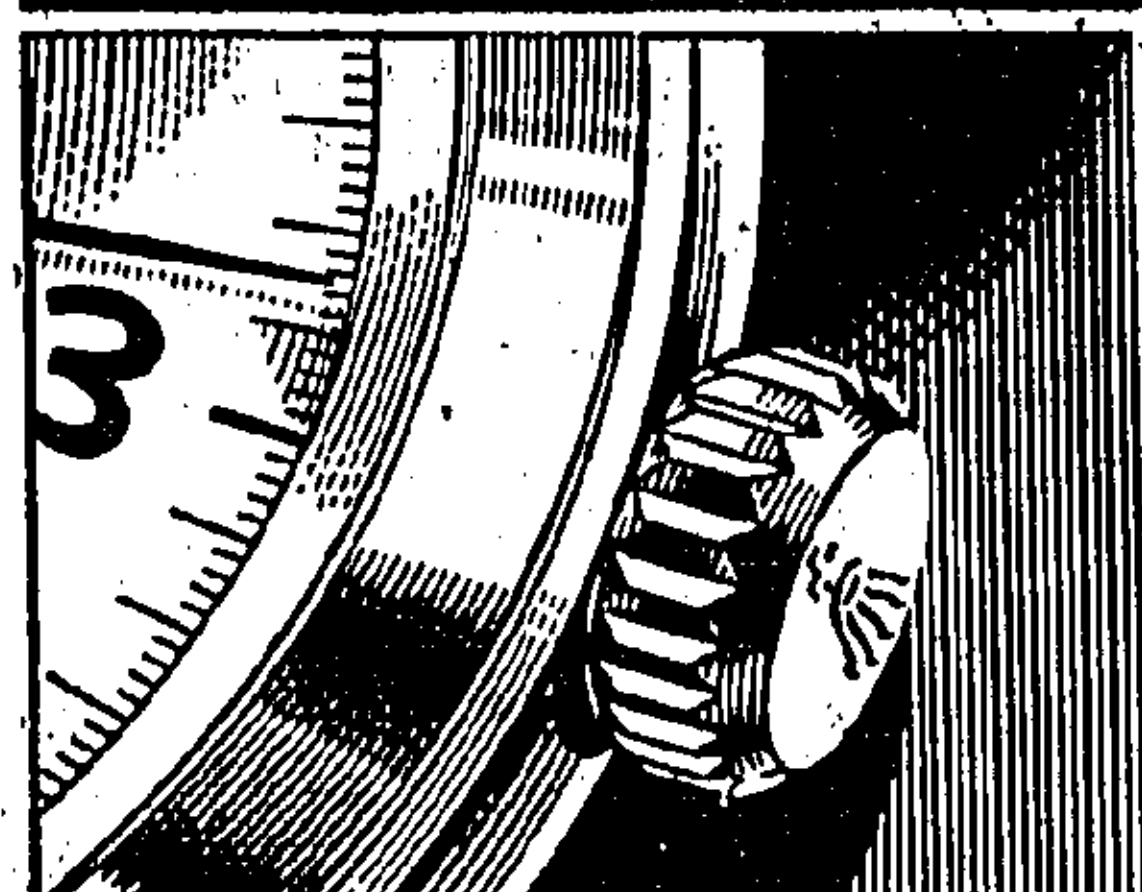
"Be aggressive," is his advice. "If I hadn't used all the force and drive that was in me, I should have finished up a fireman or a policeman."

He certainly worked hard for his success. Perhaps the only real luck he enjoyed was to be throwing his fists in the Dempsey era.

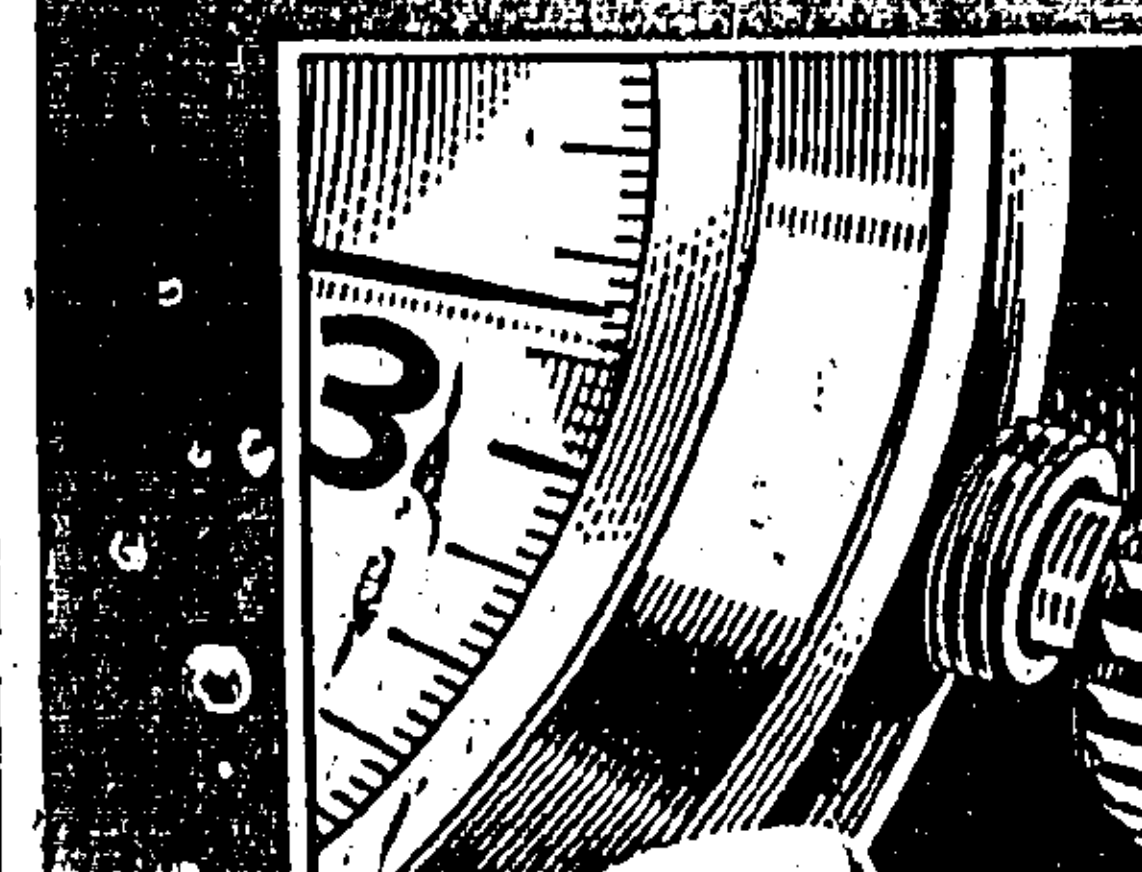
For it was undoubtedly the fame of the "Manassa Mauler" which brought the vast crowds along to the two most profitable bouts in the short but successful boxing career of Gene Tunney.

27 fathoms down

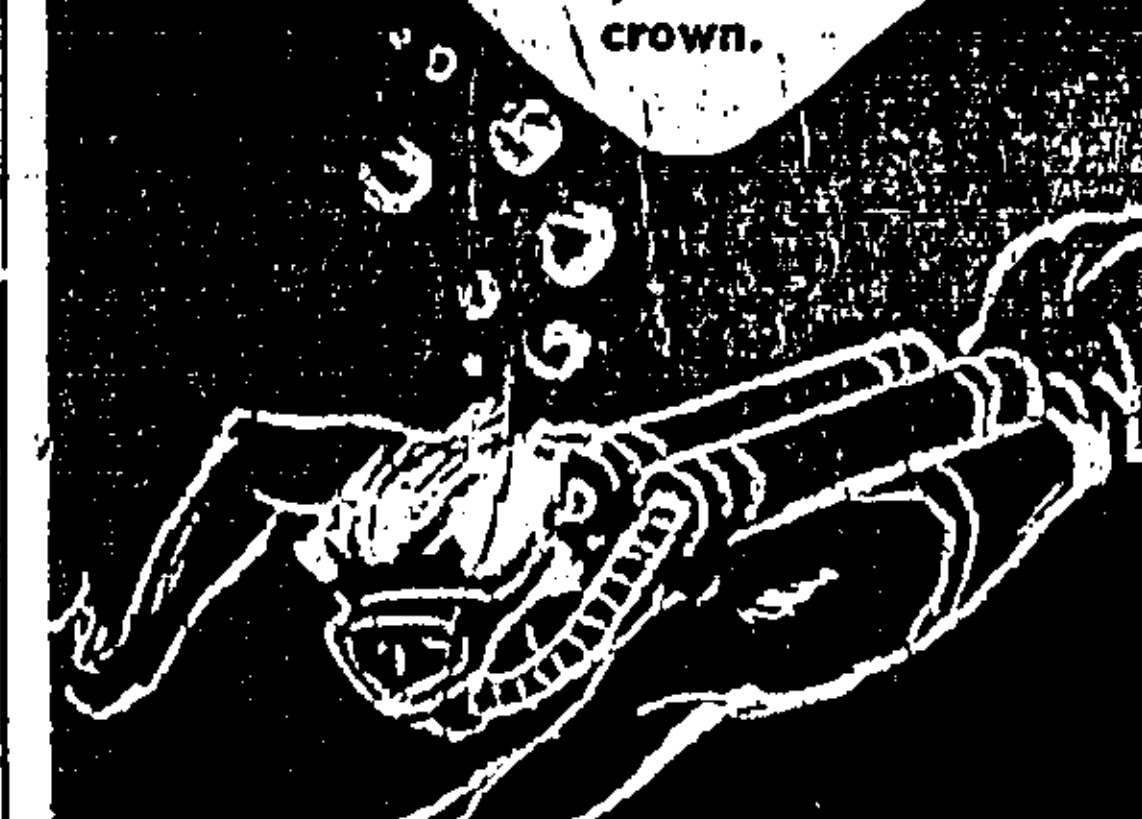
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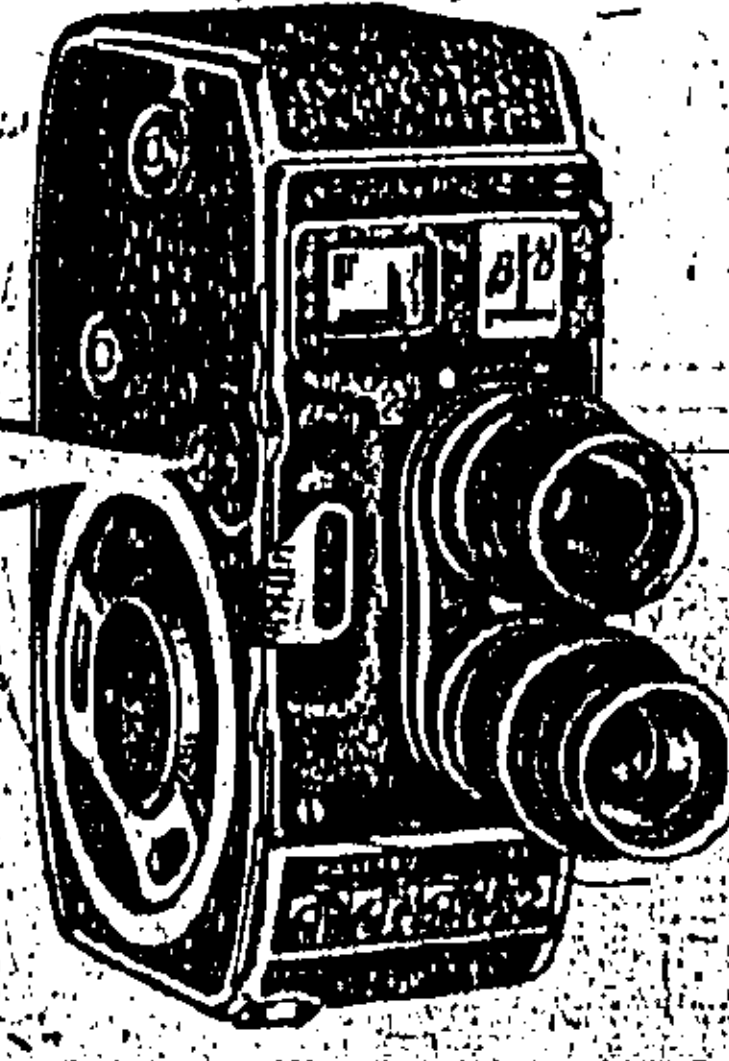
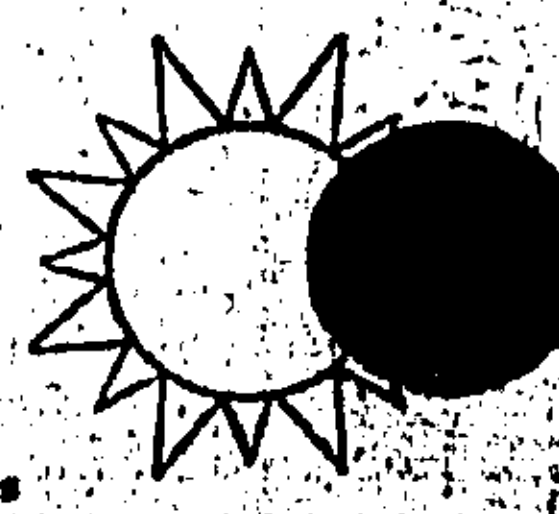


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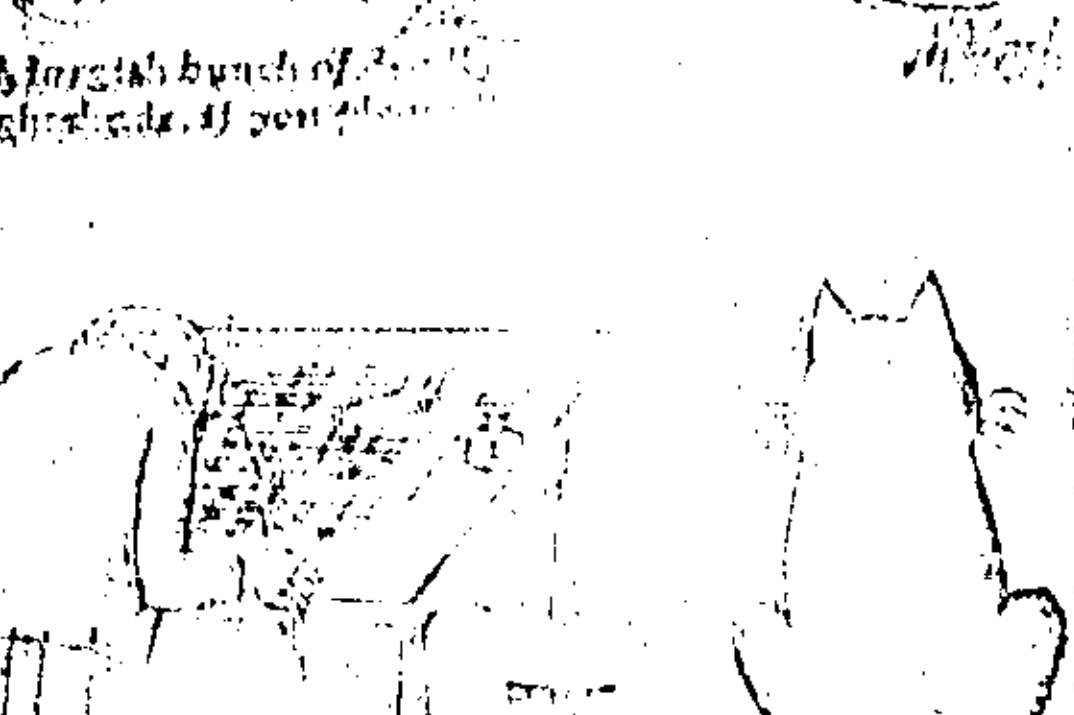
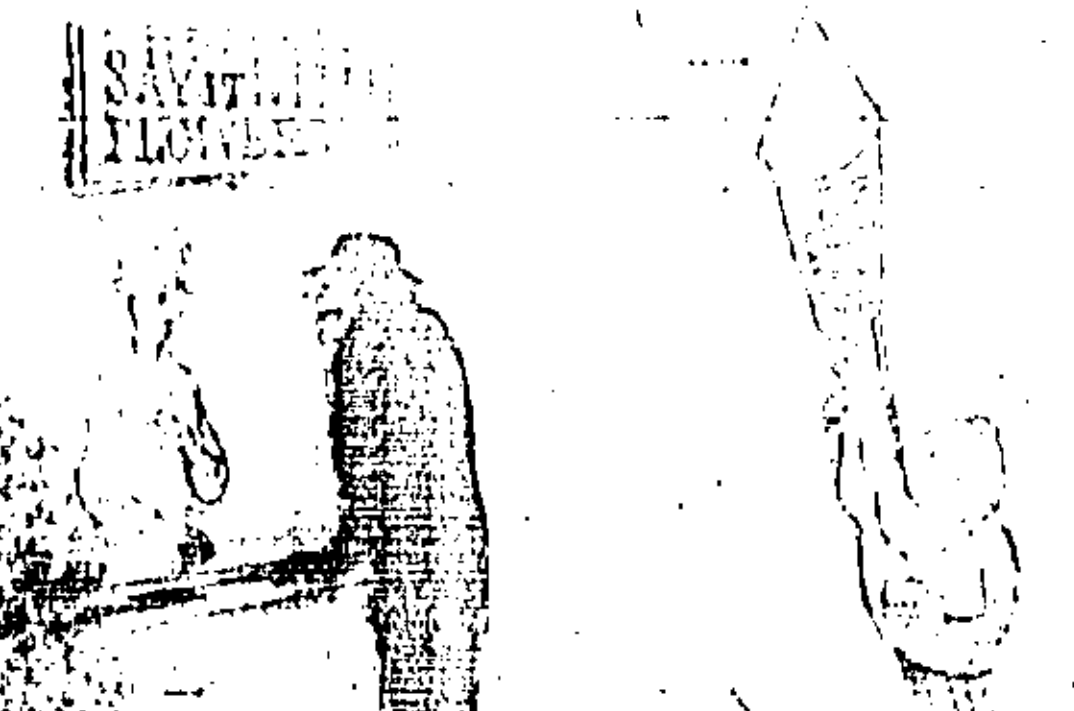
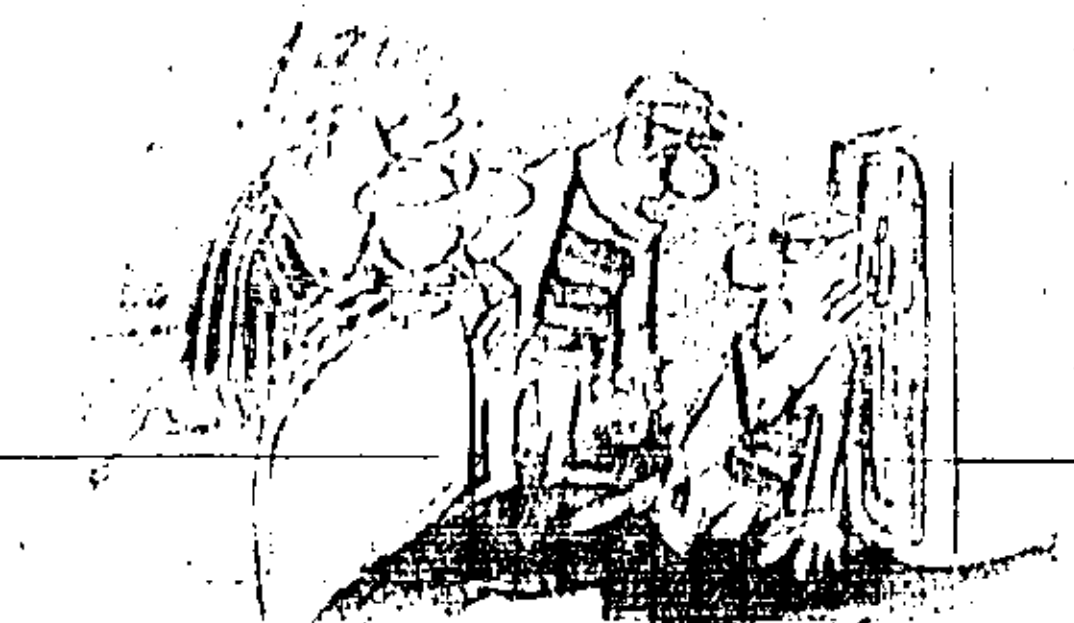
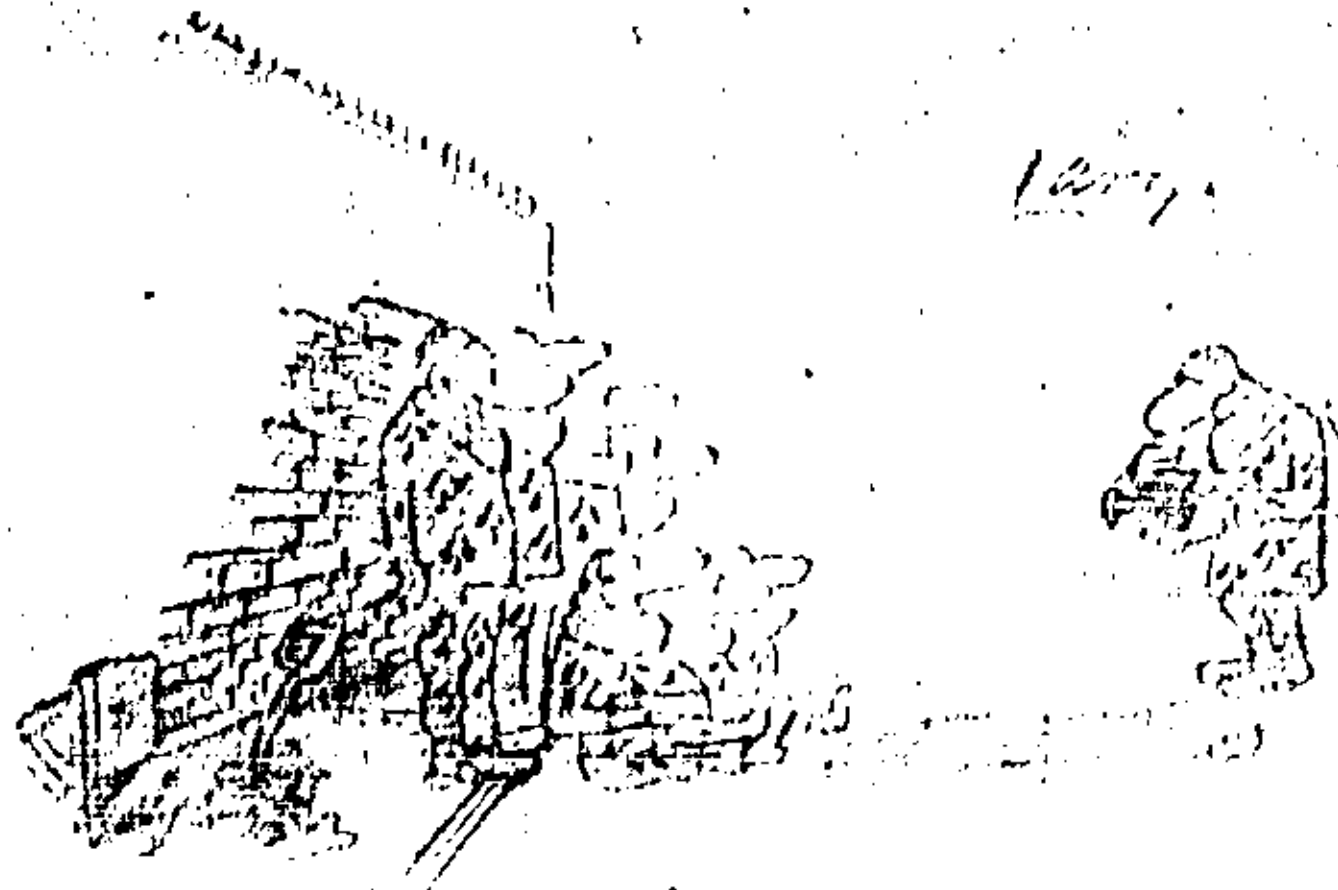
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ZANIE'S



THE MAN WHO FOUND A NEW WAY TO MURDER

667 HOPE, said Dr. Lamson when they arrested him, "that this matter will be kept as quiet as possible for the sake of my relatives." Such tender concern for family connections was especially touching from a man who had just poisoned his crippled brother-in-law. But the hope he expressed, however nobly prompted, proved illusory.

Nobody could have kept "quiet" the "matter" then beginning. Even an epoch seemed to generation by the trials of the Staunton, Kate Webster and Charles Pease, that of George Henry Lamson excited a commotion which has not altogether subsided even now.

The parts of the "matter" were both deep and twisted.

All through that year of 1891, young Dr. Lamson had been "discreetly" kept up, "drifts," "distress," "warrant," "unintentionally," "interrupted," "from had to wait," "until he," "Nagasaki," "he was," "pursuing his," "medical," "studies," "and," "during," "playing," "certain," "board," "games," "that," "had," "been," "closed."

With a wife and small child as well as himself, to keep Dr. Lamson must have felt an awful load.

It was against this "dark" background that two events occurred, which, in retrospect, look like premonitions of a great catastrophe.

On November 24, Lamson caught two men of a certain from one channel, a look an unpleasant attempt to have come from another. "According to a witness on duty in its effects that the freedom of a grain constitutes a fatal dose."

£3000 Fortune

On December 3, although apparently pressed for time and about to go abroad, Lamson dashed out to a boarding school of Winton, don to visit Percy, 18-year-old brother of his wife. This boy with a surname of the "Lamson" that had purchased his home, stood to inherit £3,000 when he reached 21. If, however, he should die before (although then in good physical health) that sum was to be equally shared by his two surviving sisters, which meant in those days before the Married Woman's Property Act that £1,500 would pass straight into Lamson's hand.

The penniless doctor, arrived in the evening shortly before seven. He was received by the proprietor of the school, Mr. Redbrook, who, forthwith sent for Percy, and a chair carried up the latter from a lower floor. Percy's spirits were excellent; the day had been a holiday and the pupils had amused themselves by playing chess.

Mr. Redbrook poured his guest some cherry and for a few minutes there was general talk between the three. Then Lamson opened a black leather bag he had brought in with him and took out of it a bottle of "Purri" and some sweets.

"Have some," he said.

Percy had some of each. So had Mr. Redbrook. As they watched they went on chatting socially.

It appeared like a casual thought, suddenly remembered, when Lamson, once again plunged into his bag.

On the way, Mr. Redbrook, who had been sitting at the table, suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to bring the "Purri" and some sweets.

EXPERIMENT UNDER FIRE



Now Percy, take this and see how easily it can be swallowed.

The pronouncement — as far as it went — could not seriously be challenged. And if the poison was once established as acconline, the evidence against Lamson, who so recently had been in his possession — would be overwhelming.

But whatever one may believe at heart, one's head must be convinced before convicting.

Certainly Lamson had both opportunity and motive. Had he also got the means — control of the particular poison from which Percy died?

Agile Mind

Acconline was a poison hardly known. It had never before been used, or at any rate traced — as an instrument of murder.

It was not discoverable by chemical tests. The family doctors (they did not conceal the fact) knew nothing at all about it, and even the well-known Dr. Bond knew little more. The post-mortem appearances were consistent with acconline poisoning, he said; but questioned in court — "any other poison would produce the same local condition of the stomach."

The Lamson jury listened to him with observed attention as he described his scientific tests on certain organs and contents of the body — tests that resulted in his detecting the presence of acconline by "taste."

There was a sensation of burning tingling," he said, "of numbness, of swelling at the back of the throat, followed by a constricted sensation at the back of the

tongue. The total effect, was peculiar to acconline."

Moreover, Stevenson had injected twice with extracts from the body and the mice had promptly died after exhibiting the same symptoms as would result from injections of pure acconline.

The oracle had spoken. The jury took notes. For Montagu Williams, defending the crime, had arrived.

"Have you been present at any case of acconline poisoning?" he began.

No Precedent

"No," said Stevenson coolly. "There has never been one in this country."

"Or at a post-mortem?"

"There has only been one."

It really only scored half a point for Williams, but even half a point was precious against Stevenson.

"Is acconline used externally in the form of ointment to relieve pain?"

"Yes."

"For neuralgia?"

"Yes."

"And for rheumatism?"

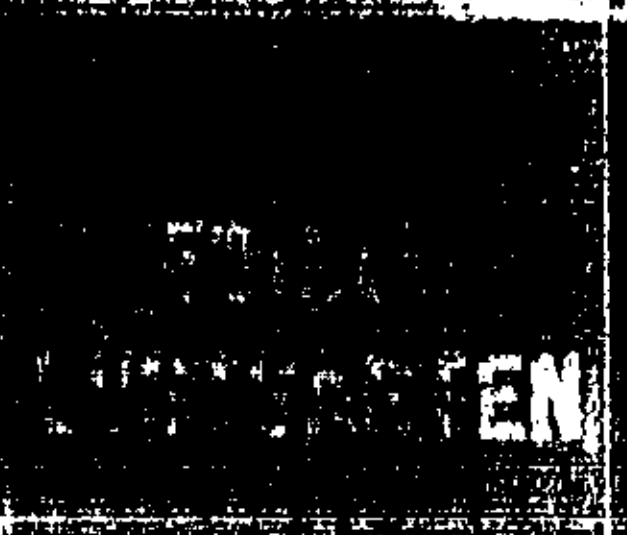
"Yes."

As witnesses had testified that Lamson suffered from both, that counted a full point. One point and a half to the defence — but at this early stage, their scoring virtually ceased.

No exertion, no deployment of forensic skill, by Williams — the expert of his own — could shake Stevenson's credibility on the essential matters. Had he not found the normal residue of the stomach frequently fatal to lower animals? No — and he had made many experiments. Wasn't the acconline he had described characteristic of other things — veratrin, for instance? No, he

was referring to German acconline. That is very different from English," he added helpfully.

Lamson was hanged and to Stevenson goes the credit. For credit it was without a shadow of doubt — the longest trial and execution, this vicious poisoner, who had strenuously protested innocence, confessed.



had tried veratrin on his tongue — there was a difference. Veratrin, perhaps? He had tried that, too; it is more bitter, peppery. You get the burning sensation at once.

Consistently, balked by this effortless omission, Montagu Williams made his strenuous attempt to break it down, to discover some gap in that solid wall of knowledge.

"You say there is no criminal test for acconline?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't phosphoric acid a test?"

"No."

"Has it not been used as one?"

"Yes," said Stevenson, "and without a hint of warning, but not by those who have studied acconline recently."

"Do you know this book?" asked Williams.

"Yes," Stevenson instantly recognized the volume at a glance. "It is by Fluckner."

"Doesn't he give the reaction?" Williams demanded, on a note of triumph.

"Yes," Stevenson agreed. "But he is referring to German acconline. That is very different from English," he added helpfully.

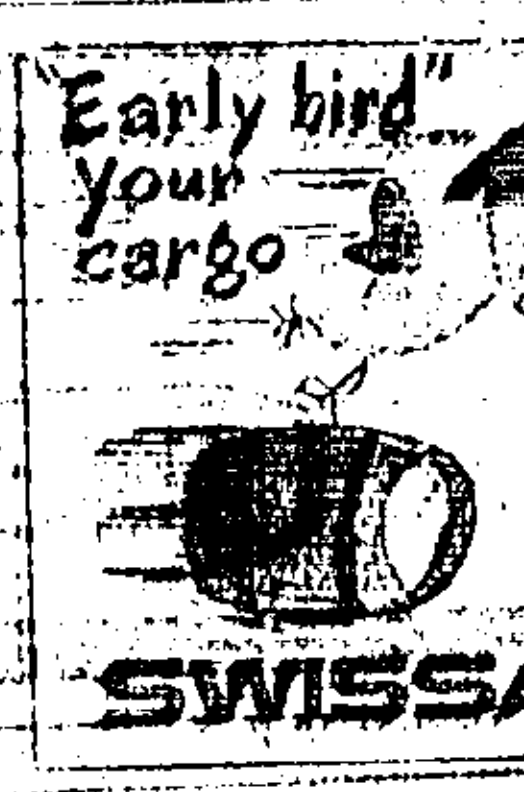
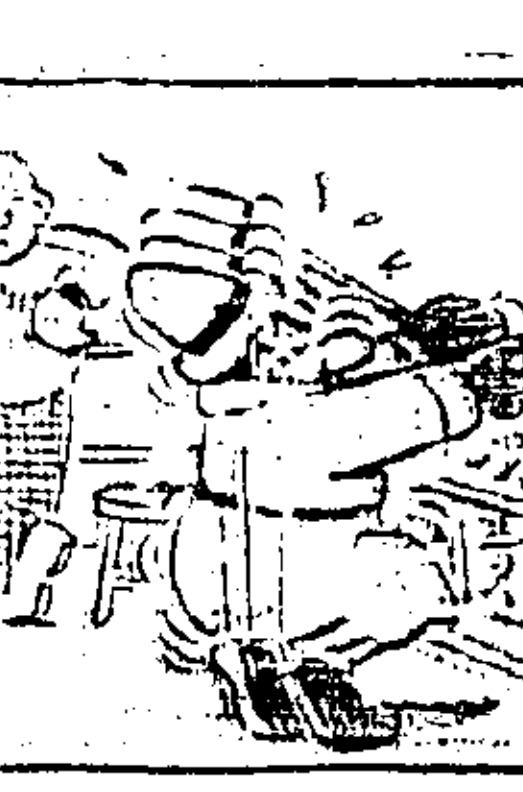
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NEXT WEEK:

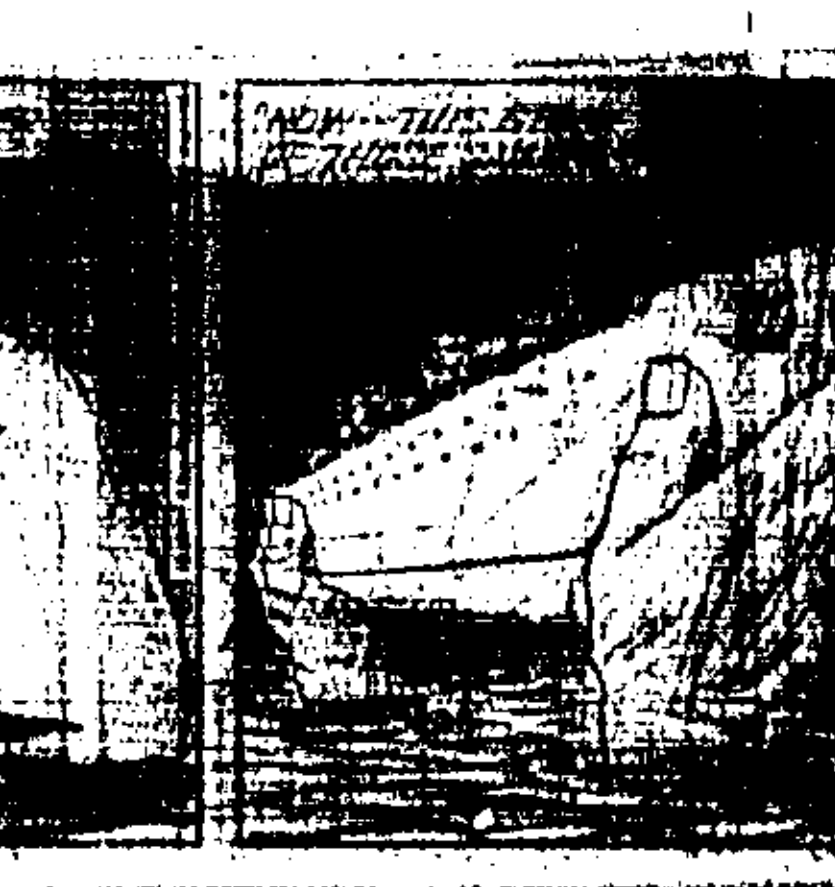
The man with the great bicycle

By Milk

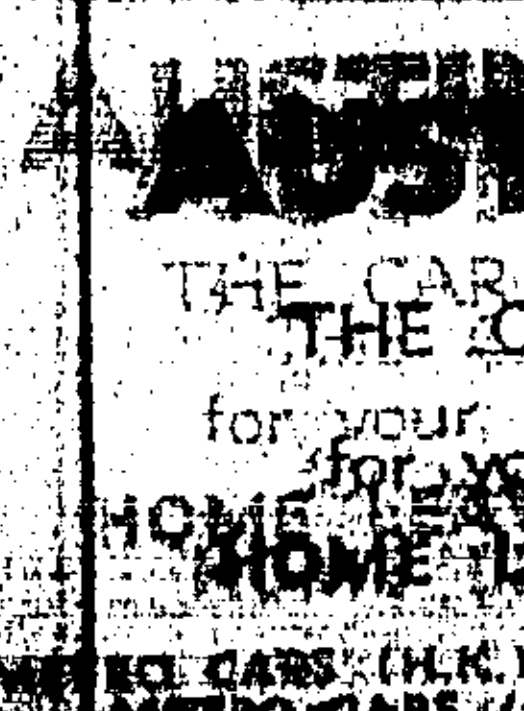
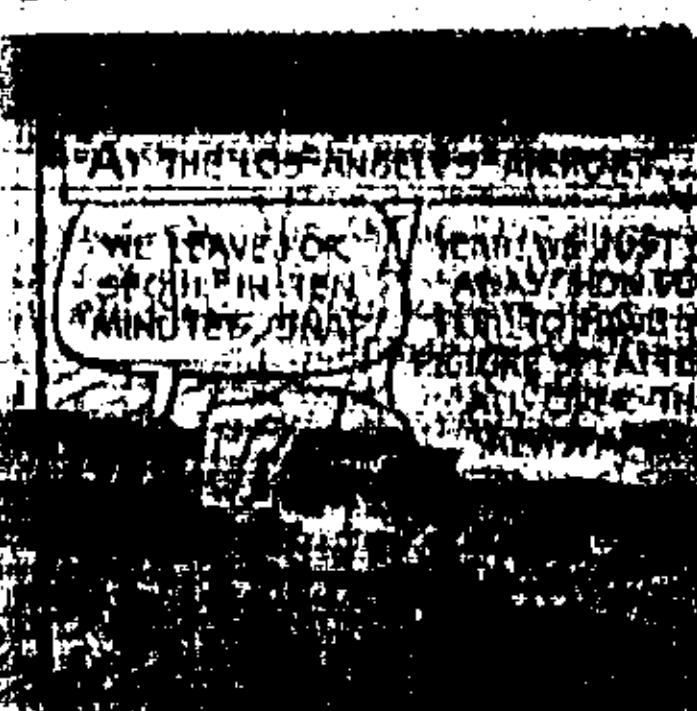
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NECROMANCY

by Anthony Fuller



OUR Writers' Conference finished on a note of reciprocal admiration. The Chairman, a publisher, congratulated us on being the best writers in the world; our spokesman replied by saying our publishers were the most generous publishers in the universe.

Hating to see so much cordiality wasted, I invited Smythe, Science Fiction writer; and Browne, Modern Romance writer, to come and finish off a bottle of whisky I had in my room.

Browne and I lounged in easy chairs while Smythe sat on my bed, and after talking about this and that for a while, we began a 'have you heard?' session.

About half-past eleven, my whisky ran out, but Smythe saved the situation by fetching a bottle of gin from his room, and we really settled down to it. As a quarter to twelve, the reception clerk rang my room asking us to quieten down as our noise was keeping the other guests awake. Ah! a quarter past twelve, Gregory looked in, eyed us with that awful leer of his and asked if he might join the session.

Art

Now Gregory (you would know him under his nom-de-plume) is the prosperous author of at least three best-selling novels that have scared the daylight out of his readers from Aberdeen to Los Angeles. Some evil-minded people have said that his literary success is due to some Faustian pact that he has made with the devil, and I think there is something in that because his most popular novels are all about Necromancy and Black Magic.

The truth is, I was not particularly pleased to see Gregory as he stood in the doorway of my room, his long ears twitching, his slanted eyebrows raised in cynical amusement, but as he had a large bottle in his hand, I invited him in cordially enough. He was in the centre of the room in one long stride, and he placed his bottle on the floor, and stood leering like a great black bat walking on its hind legs.

Gregory divided the whisky equally among us.

Had I but listened to Gregory! Up to the moment he opened his bottle, each man was free to go his own way. It was as if he stood at the cross roads of decision. He could tell his jokes or not tell them; he could go to bed or stay; he could drink or not drink, but having quaffed from Gregory's cup, he was bound by invisible chains forged by some dark agent.

Undead

For after a sip or two of Gregory's whisky, strange things began to happen. Every man was tongue tied as a weird, unfelt breeze wove the cigarette fumes into uncanny shapes around us.

Smythe was leaning forward from the bed, staring at us with glazed eyes. Browne had acquired an uncanny skill that enabled him to balance a whisky bottle on a gin bottle on another whisky bottle, and walk about the room with them.

But the supernatural had acquired more personal uncanny qualities. One had but to light a cigarette to find that one already had a cigarette in one's mouth. A spent match flung carelessly over one's shoulder immediately burst into flames and set the curtains alight. And even as I watched, the carpet began to smoulder between Gregory's feet.

The little travelling clock on the dressing table began to play strange tricks. So long as I watched it, the hands stood still, but let me but blink my eyes, and the hands would leap ten minutes, thirty minutes at a time.

"Gregory," my hands shook, "what foul potion have you drunk?" He drew himself up to his full height, and as he stood there, it was easy to see he was in league with the devil.

"My friend, do not say I did not warn you."

"But poor Smythe," I said. We looked at Smythe, but he was still frozen in that ghastly pose of suspended animation. His eyes goggled tragically as he gazed with a fixed stare at his half-emptied glass held at arm's length from his mouth. "I am afraid he has joined the vast company of the undead. I fear we must get an oak stake and some garlic," Gregory pushed the service bell. "My god," said Browne, shuddering, "you are not suggesting we eat steak and garlic now, are you?"

"Don't be a fool! I know my supernatural lore. Gregory means we've got to drive a stake through Smythe's heart, and stuff his mouth with garlic. Personally, I am of the opinion we have to cut his head off as well. Has anyone got a knife?"

There was a knock at the door and the night porter entered. He smiled a ghastly smile as he stood in the midst of the writhing cigarette fumes. "Porter," said Gregory, "bring me at once a stout oak stake, a handful of garlic, and the sharpest knife we have in the kitchen."

"My gawd," replied the porter, "what a sight. Well, sir, I don't know about the steak, but I'll try and fix a few sandwiches, and if I might suggest it, a jug of strong black coffee."

Gregory pointed majestically to the door. "Go! You know not with what powers you dabble!"

The three of us listened as the porter's slippers shuffled away down the corridor. We sat sipping our whisky, but still Smythe sat transfixed. His mouth had opened into a terrible grin, and we could see he was wrestling with some unknown power as he tried to reach his mouth with his whisky. We watched in stupefied silence as he poured the whisky into his ear.

Browne began to weep softly, moaning, "Poor Smythe, poor Smythe." Then having said that, he fell flat on his face on the carpet.

I looked across at Gregory. He was grinning a fixed glassy grin. "You fiend," I said, "if mortal hands can kill you, mine shall perform that happy task, and

the world will be free of your evil."

"You want a fight?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "and if ten thousand devils were on your side, I should still fight you."

"Right. But let's finish our drinks first, these chaps don't seem to want them."

And . . .

He took the glass from Smythe's hand and gave it to me. He helped himself to Browne's, for by some uncanny skill, Browne had fallen on his face without spilling a drop.

We drained our glasses. "Right," said Gregory, "You want to fight. Outside."

We crept down the staircase, through the hall, and into the night. Gregory raised his arms to the moon. "Powers of darkness, come to my aid," he called. The next moment, I saw the moon leap across the sky, and heard the hall porter say, "Pretty, oh, pretty."

The next morning I woke up to find myself comfortably clad in my pyjamas. Also, apart from a slight bruise on my jaw, I did not feel too bad. What was more, all traces of the night before had gone. The curtains were hanging uncorrupted; the

carpet no longer smouldered, and all the fumes of the evening's orgy were gone.

It was of course, necromancy. That devil Gregory.

I wished, shaved, even ate a small breakfast, and made for the train. I found Browne and Smythe waiting for me on the platform. We secured a carriage for ourselves, when up walked Gregory, uninvited.

"Well, well," he said, "what a night," he said. "I do not remember such a night for a long time."

It sounded silly to talk of necromancy in broad daylight, nevertheless, I said, "Look, we are three hard working scribes, what success we achieve, we achieve by our own efforts. We don't like . . . well . . . the sort of thing that happened last night."

"What do you mean?" Gregory seemed genuinely bewildered.

"Why," I said, "everything was going fine until you walk along. We start a quiet night with a few drinks, but what happens when you join us? The curtains catch alight, the carpet starts to burn, and poor Smythe is sitting half dead under some spell. All right. But when we wake up this morning, all trace of last night is gone. And I even eat some breakfast."

"I see," said Gregory, "and as the devil, I do not get my due. I came into your room last night, and you had already drunk a bottle of whisky, and were well into a bottle of gin. After I had knocked you out last night, (I hope your chin is not sore, by the way.) I put you to bed, likewise these gentlemen. The porter and I cleaned up your room, and exchanged your curtains and carpet for the curtains and carpet in the next room."

★ ★ ★

We gazed at him gratefully.

"It cost me five pounds," Gregory continued, "but as I am willing to pay my share, that will be twenty-five shillings each."

We handed over the money. "But what about us?" I asked him. "We should feel like death this morning."

"Ah!" Gregory's face seemed lighted with a strange inner

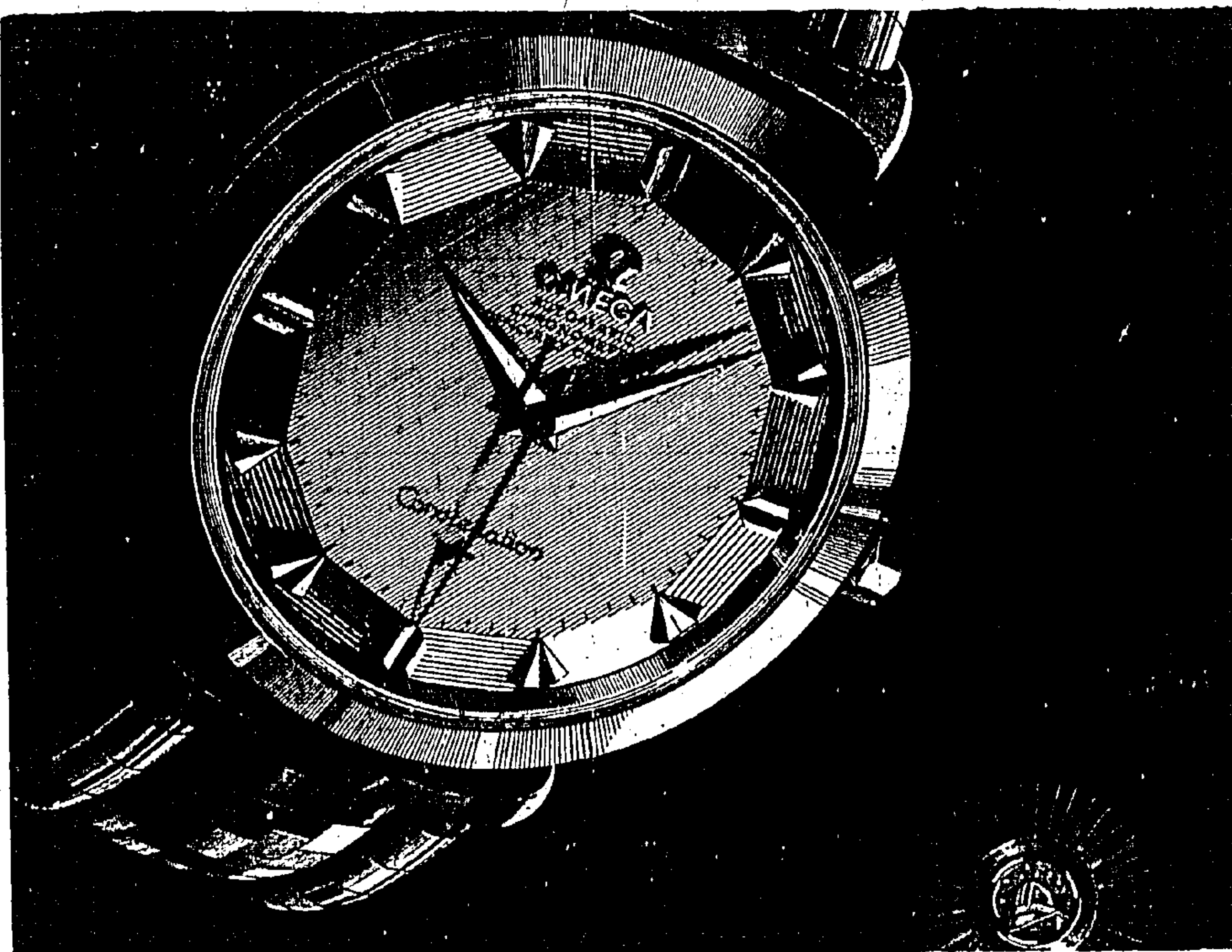
light. "There you have something." He took from his pocket a fat glass tube in which reposed some moon shaped lozenges that glowed like drifted snow. "Now, although you see on the label a well known proprietary brand of pick-me-up, these tablets, allow me to tell you, are made especially for the directors." He lowered his voice. "As a matter of fact they are made from an ancient recipe that was once the secret of Nero. And he needed them, I can tell you. I slipped two of each into your last drinks."

I looked at Smythe. His ruddy face beamed as the train ran through the pleasant fields of England.

I looked at Browne. A little shabby, but otherwise all right.

I looked at Gregory. Even he seemed well disposed to all men. "It's still necromancy," I said.

End



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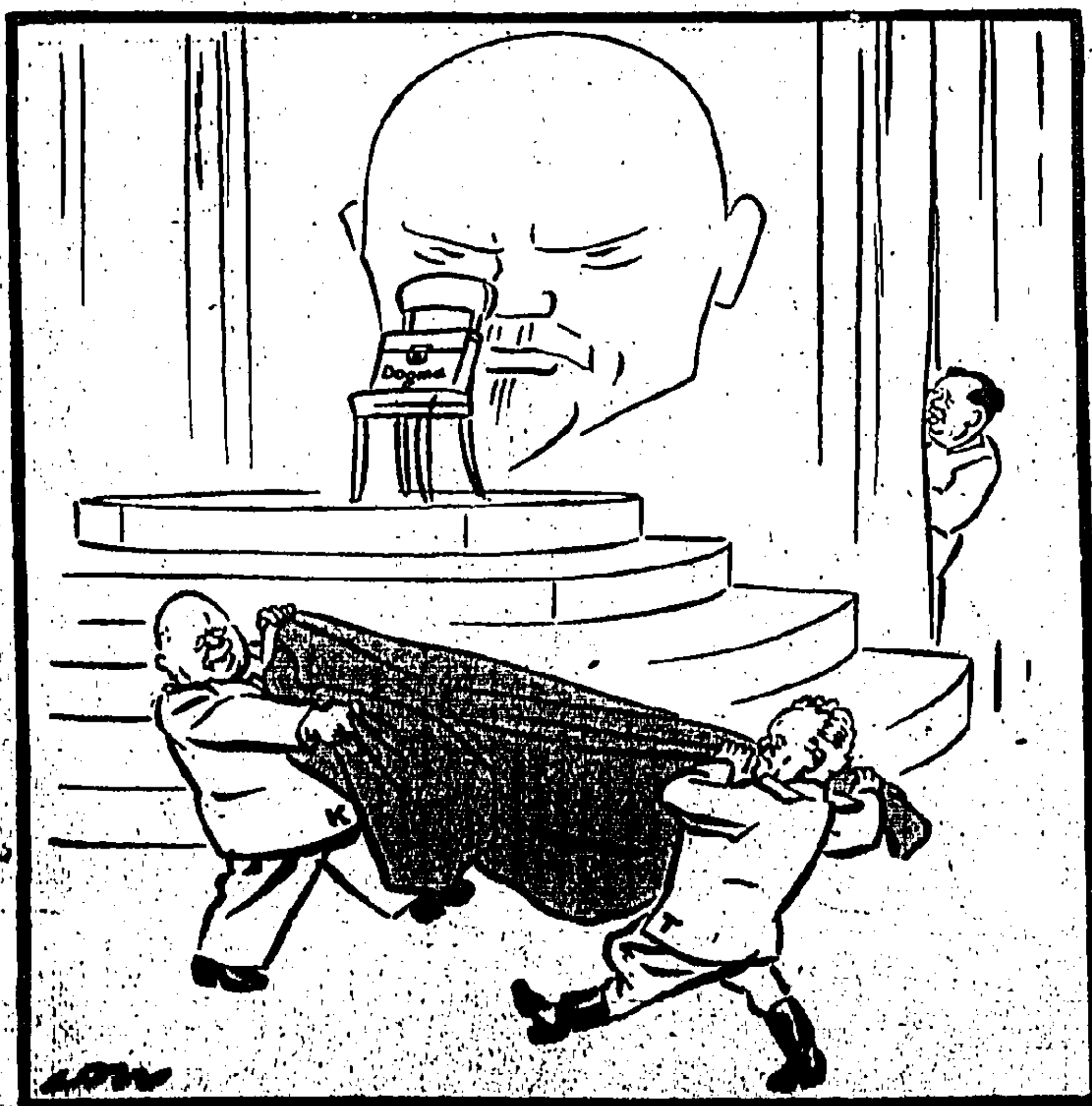
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THE MANTLE OF LENIN

A word that hurts in Spain

RENE MACCOLL

I HAVE just come motorizing down a hundred miles of Britain's Popular Pathway, the coast road along the Costa Brava in a north-east corner of Spain, where to sport a GB licence plate, to wear British clothes, to address the locals in English, means, enthusiasm, widespread alarm.

The Union Jacks are displayed alluringly outside the sun-gripped seaside restaurants; the hotel managers, turn on their best English; the politeness is exquisite.

In all of these little holiday spots — Tossa de Mar, Caldeja, Arenys de Mar — the welcome is warm and glittering for the British.

This year, I am told by London travel agents, over 300,000 British tourists are expected to visit Spain, and of these 75 per cent inquire about the Costa Brava.

After all, 200,000 or so Britons, each with £40 or £50 to spend, spell out collectively the world's most popular four-letter word: cash.

And no wonder they are all bony along the Costa Brava girdling themselves for the pressing fray ahead. The bookings are sold. The ingleses are known as free-spenders — unlike the Germans, the Belgians, and the Dutch who also come here in fairly large numbers.

Like us

I LUNCHEONED presently at Lloret de Mar (Spanish raw ham, lobster mayonnaise, cheese, irrigated by sherry, half a bottle of white wine and Spanish brandy costing just under a pound) then sought out the proprietor of the hotel.

His eyes gleamed lyrically as he touched on the glories of the season about to start.

"Do we like the English?" Oh yes, yes, yes—we like them very much, very much indeed." He smiled. "If, as they spend such a lot. They buy presents to take home—they spend a great deal in the bar. If the British like to drink, to enjoy themselves. Germans too we have and Belgians but at least 70 per cent of our foreign guests are from Britain."

"What," I queried, "about Gibraltar?"

His expression altered abruptly. "Here nobody even speaks about matters like that," he said, suddenly unsmiling. "It is simply not a topic of conversation. It is not a word ever heard here. Come, I will show you the new swimming pool."

Right. Now let's nip smartly over to where the word is a

topic of conversation—Gibraltar itself.

As my plane from London came in for a landing a few days back the Spanish flag was flying only a few yards from the landing strip.

Spanish police and troops were staring sourly through the high wire fence which marks the border. Until a few years back there was a mile or more of no-man's-land between Gibraltar and the Spanish border town of La Linea. But now the Spanish have occupied the strip and have pushed their guards right up against us.

Plans and Prosperity

BUT that is only one factor in a deliberate attempt by the Spaniards to harass and isolate the 23,000 Gibraltarians and the British garrison on the 2½ square miles of The Rock.

Last Sunday I set out with a Gibraltarian friend to drive to Algeciras for lunch. It took us just one and three-quarter hours to negotiate the mile of the former no-man's-land—trapped in a practically motionless queue of 1,800 cars.

Glim-faced officials took all the time in the world as they added with triptiques and special passes.

But Gibraltar is full of confident plans for the future. It is bursting with prosperity and exuberance, and the losses caused by Franco's spite have been made up.

Now Gibraltar is going to have a casino (down on the waterfront on a spot known as Parson's Word), which will make only the second place in the British Commonwealth (Nassau is the other) where gambling will be lawful.

New luxury hotels, new swimming pools, and all the trimmings of Riviera-style living are planned.

And the click of the roulette wheel may even attract famous refugees from other and older resorts.

The apple

FRANCO's attempt to starve Gibraltar out of countenance has been a fiasco.

He said not long ago: "Gibraltar is like a ripe apple just waiting to fall into our hands."

Something tells me that this particular apple is going to swing merrily on the branch for a long time to come.

Well, have a good time on the Costa Brava this summer. It is a long way from Gibraltar and as my friend the hotel proprietor said: "Gibraltar is not a word ever heard around here."

NEW CUNARD ORDER OFF THE LIST

Everything was ready—a berth booked at John Browns but the latest British giant won't take to the sea. Is this the reason Why?

by MONTAGUE LACEY

SHIP "No. 718" will not yet be built. With this announcement, the Cunard Steamship Company postpones the building of a £9,000,000 super Atlantic liner to challenge the world.

The company has had to change its plans because of last year's financial setbacks. Full plans had already been prepared for building the 30,000-ton new Cunarder.

But in 1957 the company had to meet, it says, high taxes, strikes, an uncertain international situation, and strong air competition on the Atlantic routes.

Everything was ready for the new liner. A berth reserved at the John Brown Clyde shipyard—where the Queens were built.

"No. 718," now back on the shelf, was planned by Cunard's naval architect R. K. Wood, one of Britain's ace ship designers.

It was to replace the ageing 27,778-ton Britannic in the spring of 1961 on the Liverpool-New York run. It was to have carried 1,500 passengers, first and tourist.

The extras

Colonel Denis Bates, Cunard's chairman, in a statement announcing the postponement of No. 718, says:

"Warnings have been given annually ever since 1947 that the full replacement of the fleet was being jeopardised.

"It is very clear that by calculating taxation before making adequate allowances for the replacement of the ships at the current cost of

building, the Exchequer is, in fact, eating away the very funds essential to the company's existence.

Colonel Bates points out that increased air fares are being subsidised by world Governments and asks: "Why should not these extra charges be passed on to the customers?"

[Cunard's bill from harbour and port authorities last year was £4,500,000.]

And with Cunard hard pressed, the shipping companies of the world are going ahead with their Atlantic challenge.

Can the company be helped now?

During the thirties the Cunard company had to stop work on building the Queen Mary on the Clyde. Work was resumed after a long time, when the Government stepped in to provide cash assistance. That loan has long since been repaid.

The French are building The France; the Dutch, the Rotterdam—two new super Atlantic liners.

The Germans are also rebuilding ships for the Atlantic and the Greek Line has rebuilt one of the Canadian Empress ships which comes into service soon.

U.S. plan

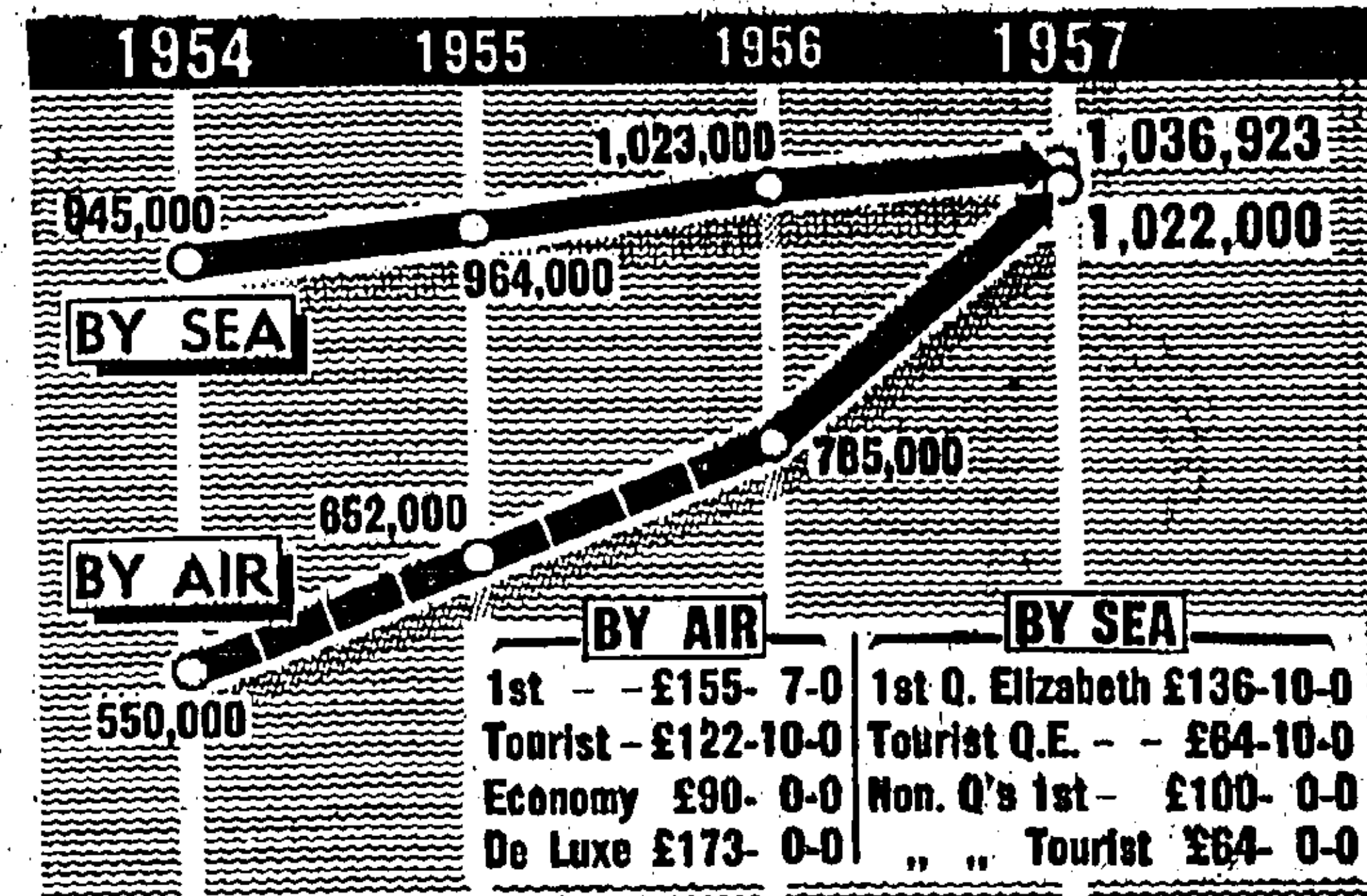
And for the first time in 25 years, an American shipping company is opening a new tourist passenger service to Europe next month with a liner named The Atlantic.

The American Government has also approved plans for the United States Lines to build a £26,000,000 sister ship to run with the Blue Riband liner United States.

Colonel Bates, explaining Cunard's drop in revenue of more than £2,000,000, says:

"After suffering heavy losses of ships in the war, the group has up-to-date, sound finance for new delivered construction of 465,000 gross tons at a cost of some £60,000,000, besides having fitted out the Queen Elizabeth for her peace-time role and reconditioned the Queen Mary and other units of the fleet."

Colonel Bates says modestly: "This is no mean achievement." Agreed, but it is a pity. Number 718 must remain a number.



MORE TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELLERS ARE GOING BY AIR INSTEAD OF SEA. THIS CHART BY JOHN BODLE SHOWS JUST HOW THE AIRLINERS ARE NARROWING THE GAP. BY LAST YEAR IT HAD NEARLY BEEN CLOSED.

Is this cough catching just a habit?

HAVE you noticed, at the theatre or during an after-dinner speech, how, if one person coughs, soon other people begin to cough too, as if they'd been given a signal? Someone starts it in the balcony, then it moves to the pit, then to the stalls, until there is a chorus of free-for-all coughing.

Such an epidemic of ignited coughs can be worse for the leading lady than a blunderbuss of bad eggs. It causes the most dignified after-dinner speaker to grow wild-eyed.

Mr Fraser had that sort of anarchical, hand grenade cough. He could devastate a performance in a few minutes just by breathing in and making his body rock around like a second hand clock with coughs.

Mr Fraser came to see me because of it.

"I'm not worried about leading ladies, doctor," she said, "but about my husband's health. Surely there must be something organically wrong with him? It happens so often."

There are all kinds of coughs, not all of them merely anti-box office. Their very nature and quality can sometimes lead a doctor through the maze of doubt to diagnosis.

"Like in whooping cough," said Mrs Fraser.

EASY TO SPOT

Certainly whooping cough is most easily recognisable. Here the cough controls the patient, rather than the patient the cough. Yes, when the well-defined "whoop" is present, it's as obvious as an albino in Zululand.

Other kinds of cough, though, are just as characteristic. Take the cough associated with pleurisy.

Here it is as if the Lord Chamberlain has censured it. It is essentially an interrupted, suppressed cough. There is a catch in the breath halfway through as if the cough had forgotten its lines and the face winces with the beginning of pain.

"Not my Bert," Mrs Fraser said, "he doesn't try to suppress it, it's his secret weapon. He's had it for years."

The fact that the cough had lasted longer than an Agatha Christie play in the West End indicated that it wasn't the result of an acute infection.

Nor did it particularly occur in the mornings as it does in chronic bronchitis and allied conditions.

There are other causes for the cough also which had to be kept in mind, but I knew that Mr Fraser's chest X-ray showed his lungs to be clear.

Mr Fraser's cough was more like a habit than anything else.

"Can coughing then just become a habit?"

I told her how many children after they've recovered entirely from whooping cough still whoop occasionally.

"Nothing is physically wrong with that child," I explained.

"The whoop is part habit and also an attempt to gain sympathy and demonstrative love from his or her parents."

The child remembers how it was cuddled and cared for during its whooping cough episode, and without thinking starts off again.

"But what about adults?" Mrs Fraser asked.

The same principle applies. Adults are not immune from wanting sympathy and attention. I had heard Mr Fraser cough. In fact, he'd developed it in a fine art.

A BIT CHESTY

He was an ace heckler. At the end of his little coughing session he seemed to sit back with a sort of pride as if to say: "Listen to that. My cough's terrible. Have you ever heard such a cough as that?"

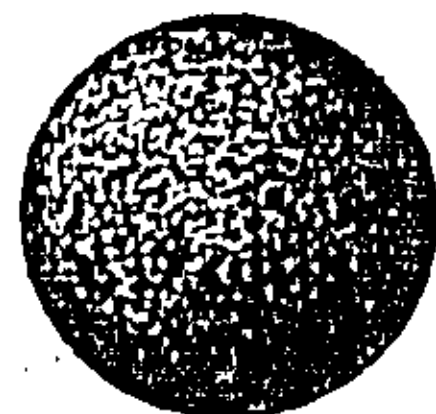
Such people do not develop the habit consciously. Generally they are a bit "chesty" anyway. If they feel their wives and children love them, and are concerned about their health, they generally have reason to forget their coughing.

Here's one test to know if their cough is "nervous" or not. Do they go off into this mamba of coughing when there's a good TV play on? Or just when they are bored?

"Maybe Bert is a bit nervous," Mrs Fraser said, "but not half so nervous as the theatre managers when they see him coming."

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UNLIKE THE FRENCH THE BRITISH ARE A RESERVED AND UNEMOTIONAL RACE

(London Express Service)



ABOVE & RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. David Niven arrive at Kai Tak, welcomed by Hongkong starlets Mei Yuet-wah and Ting Ning.
LEFT: Hawaiian dancers—a US Government sponsored night club turns hits Hongkong at the Golden Phoenix. Staff Photographers



BELOW: Miss Barbara Black before the pink curtains of Rediffusion's TV studio. Staff Photographer



Col H. B. L. Dowbiggin, notebook in hand, and (from the left) John Bull, W. T. Lane, Col W. T. Lane, Col Ricketts, Evan Stewart, and two other officers of the Middlessex Regiment celebrating their Regimental Day.

LEFT: Marie Besto and Chappie d'Almada Remedios at St Teresa's. Staff Photographers



CHINA MAIL TROPHY

For the second year in succession, South China's popular inside-left, Yiu Cheuk-yin takes the China Mail Trophy as "Footballer of the Year."

LEFT: Party at the Repulse Bay Hotel. The hostess Mrs. L. A. Rosal, wife of the Philippine Consul in Hongkong is standing behind Mrs. Gretchen Kelsch discussing YWCA plans. Ladies of the YWCA, Hongkong University, and Diplomatic Corps attended the party. Staff Photographers



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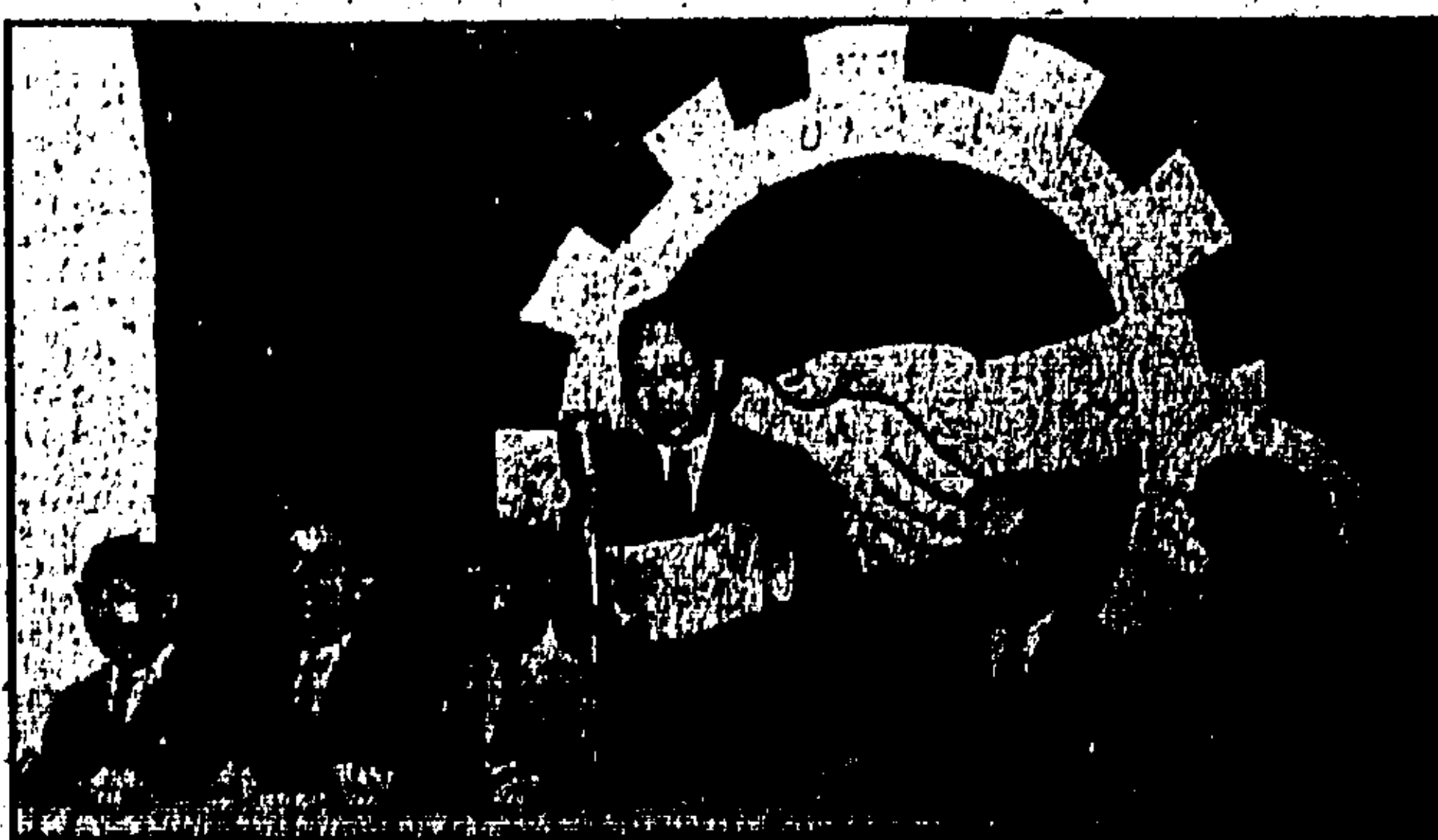
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Conversation piece at the Tai Tung Restaurant where, from the left, Mr. Cheung Chan-hong, chairman of the Board of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals; the Acting Director of Education Mr. L. G. Morgan, and the Secretary for Chinese Affairs the Hon. J. C. McDouall met, and seem to see something interesting.

RIGHT: The Director of Civil Aviation Mr. M. J. Muspratt-Williams, sitting left of speaker, laid the foundation stone of a new primary school for the Kowloon City District Kalfong Welfare Association. The chairman of the Association Mr. Hui Pee-kook is speaking. Staff Photographers



Welcoming the Shah of Persia, His Excellency the Governor Sir Robert Black is at the airport to see the visiting Head of State arrive on his round the world tour. The Shah left on the same day for Formosa. Staff Photographer

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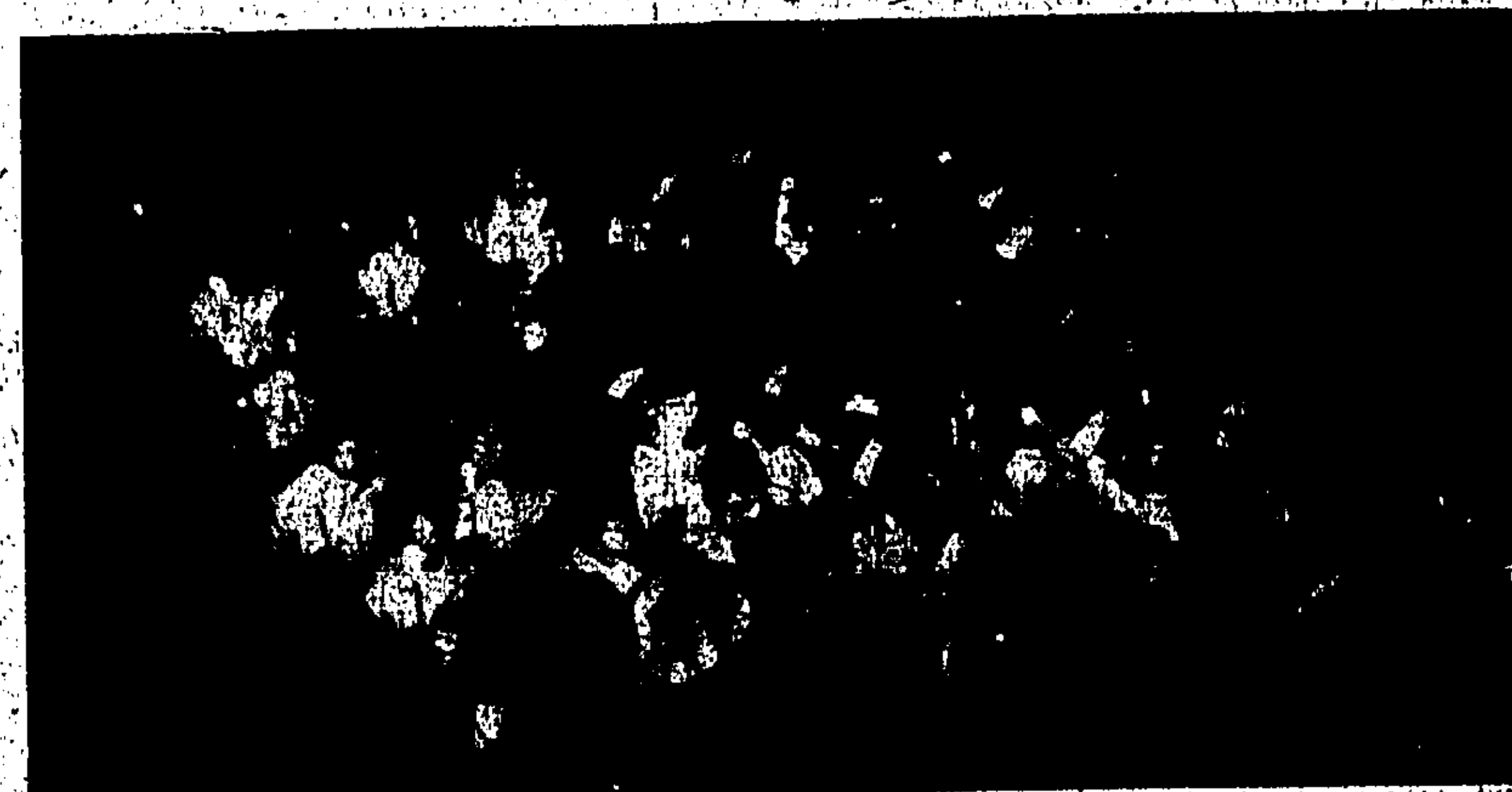


Agnes Kwok (left) at the Golden Dragon Restaurant, and Agnes Wong (above) at the British Council hold receptions to show their paintings.
RIGHT: Among film actresses arriving and departing at Kai Tak are, from left, Miss Ting Ning, Miss Tong Dan, Miss Mei Yuet-wah, and Miss Yu Min.

Staff Photographers



If you don't like horses, but still want to say you go riding, then the new Shatin Riding School has just the equipment for you.
LEFT: Opening of a new Salvation Army Youth Hostel by Dr K. G. Hobart.



Candle light and choral singing part of a programme put on by nurses of the Tung Wah Hospital to celebrate Florence Nightingale Day.
Staff Photographer



Sister Mary Smith, founder of the London Missionary Society Maternity Clinic in Sheung Shui leaves aboard the RMS Canton, is seen off by children she delivered. She is seen here with three sets of twins.
LEFT & BELOW: Fisher folk celebrating the festival of the Queen of Heaven.
RIGHT: Miss Wong Yan-man singing at the Mother's Day celebration, Prince Theatre.
Staff Photographers



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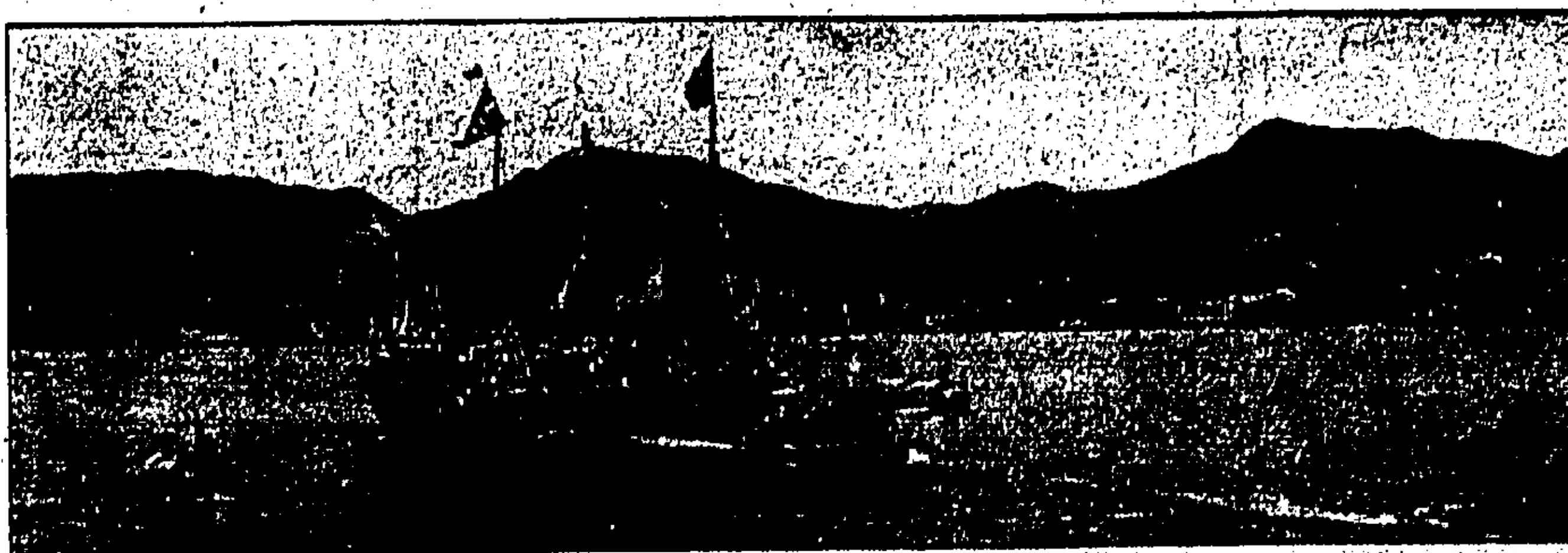
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Sgt. T. Lynght says goodbye at a reception given for her by WRAC and WAAC personnel of the Volunteer Centre. From left are Lt. F. M. Heath, Lt. Col. M. T. Jennings, Sgt. E. O. Lynght, and Major J. L. Hillard.
Staff Photographer

The Restaurant in Kowloon

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THIS WILL STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT FOR THE SPRING

THERE are great tits nesting under my bedroom balcony; there are glowing great clumps of daffodils all over Hyde Park, and my small son has a spot on his nose.

In other words, SPRING IS HERE—for certain.

And how does spring find you?

Doing what millions of other women are no doubt doing?

Taking a cold, dispassionate look at your face and figure and not feeling entirely satisfied with what you see.

Right?

Now for the expert's view on What To Do About It.

Over to the Vivienne Sorbie Clinic where, in a cosy, chintzy, perfectly arranged flower piece and Persian rug setting, Miss Sorbie—a muscular blonde with a skin like a peach—is fairly bursting with good advice.

"Look here," said she, as I settled myself down into the chintzes—what you've got to put over to the women of England is that they must learn to stand up straight.

"We are a nation of DROOPERS.

"Take a look at any group of women. It doesn't matter if they're draped round a cocktail bar or slumping in a bus queue. Their posture is appalling.

"Pinch your seat in and keep your shoulders down—that's what I tell them here...mod girls, actresses...the lot.

"Don't mince matters, dear—be frank.

"There's so much talk of personalities these days.

"What IS personality but poise?

"A woman with poise makes an entrance," and Miss Sorbie demonstrated—head up, wide smile, and her tail tucked in as she came through the door.

"As for weight," she continued, "apart from a few difficult glandular cases there's not the slightest need for any fat woman to stay fat.

"Lazy minds begot lazy bodies. Oh, I hear it all on the massage table—and I do a little straight talking back.

"I'm a good cook and I've a lovely home. I don't know why he stays out so late," they moan.

"I do," I tell 'em.

"You know, dear, sex is a very subtle thing."

I agreed warmly, stood up straight, dropped my shoulders, plucked in my seat, and said that I must go.

Together we paced the parquet. A couple of fine, up-standing Englishwomen—and neither of us a scrap over 5ft 4in. in our socks.

—VERONICA PARWORTH

New Book Gives Tips To Teen-Age Beauties



NO SMART TEEN-AGER goes to bed without first washing her face. Buds should be worked in with fingertips, then rinsed away.

MOTHER, you've an ally! She's Emily R. Dow of Wellesley Hills, Mass., who's written a book of good advice for teenagers. As you know, good advice is something teens don't often care to take from you.

LIGHTLY AND BRIGHTLY

But be of good cheer. Mrs. Dow, in "Brooms, Buttons and Beaux," ladies it out lightly and brightly and so convincingly that teens will be quelling and carrying out her suggestions without the necessity of even a word from you.

The book covers a number of important topics—helping with housework, sewing, nursing, baby-sitting, etiquette, home decoration and beauty. The latter is handled in an excellent chapter called, "Keep Glamorous."

In addition to the usual how-to beauty instructions, Mrs. Dow has come up with several off-beat ideas that may be news even to you, Madam.

For example, she tells how to whiten yellow teeth—rub them with a piece of charcoal or a burnt match before brushing. The charcoal can be purchased at the Chemist's.

She suggests a cute idea for trying out new hairdresses. Preview them while locks are good and soapy from shampoo. Sucky hair slays in place—over the ears, on the forehead, high on the head. You'll be able to manipulate it any way you want in order to determine if a coiffure

flatters your facial contour or otherwise.

A few good cleanliness rules for teens included in the book are: Never go to bed without washing your face. Never let anyone borrow your comb, brush, lipstick or powder puff.

There are suggestions for teen fannies who want to trim down and for teen skinheads who want to fatten up.

Mrs. Dow's done a wonderful job, Mother. You owe her a vote of thanks.

—Jeanne D'Arcy

I dine with London's top hostesses

BY HELEN BURKE

MME LEON GUERRERO, wife of the Philippine Ambassador, is one of the most vivid figures on London's diplomatic scene. Dressed in tangerine chiffon, sluttish through the gothic baronial halls of the ambassadorial residence in Kensington Palace Gardens, she looks unexpectedly exotic as a hummingbird.

She is gay and talkative, loves parties, entertains two or three times a week. She likes informality, prefers the friendliness of a small dinner-party (never more than ten people) to elaborate diplomatic receptions.

She talks of London glowingly as the centre of the arts, and her dinner-guests are likely to include some "theatre people," one or two of her husband's "intellectual friends," a couple of MPs and not more than one ambassador at a time.

The cooking on these occasions is done by Miss Ludovina de Jesus Oliveira, Mme. Guerrero's Portuguese cook.

PRUNE MOUSSE

"Do give the recipe for your prune mousse," she said. Then to me, "It is wonderful. When she serves it, everyone is delighted."

"The mousse?" asked Miss Oliveira. "In America," said Madame Guerrero. "It would be prune pudding."

"No," said Miss Oliveira, "it is prune mousse."



No. 1.—MME. LEON GUERRERO . . . Loves Parties

When the mousse rises, it is ready. It will sink down if you are not correct.

Very important. . . . All this said with sparkling eyes.

VANILLA SAUCE

"Remove the skin from the vanilla beans and let the beans marinate in it. Now for the vanilla sauce: Beat three tablespoons castor sugar and one teaspoon cornflour with the eight egg yolks. Bring one pint milk and one tablespoon sugar to the boil. Stir into the egg mixture. Return to fire and very carefully bring almost to the boil—not too much to make scrambled eggs! Add a little good vanilla essence, beat well, cool and put into the refrigerator. Stir from time to time so that no skin may come on top.

"When both are very cold, turn the mousse on to a dish, pour the custard over it and

sprinkle flaked almonds over the top."

RUSSIAN SALAD

Without any notes, Miss Oliveira continued: "I will give you a wonderful Russian salad for boiled ham. This is made with sliced fresh pear, pineapple, prunes, avocado pear, orange, tangerine and strawberries, if possible. Put some mayonnaise with mustard in it into a large mixing bowl. Add the fruit immediately and turn it over and over. Add pepper and salt to taste and also a few little drops of lemon juice and about 2oz. chopped pale gold roasted almonds. Place a nice lettuce leaf on each plate with a serving of the salad on it. Sprinkle some chopped walnuts on each one."

I imagine that one could quite well leave out the tangerines and strawberries.

—(London Express Service).

CLEANING TIPS FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE

1. Flaying cards—Rub with a soft rag dipped in a solution of camphor.

2. Cook Tubing Mats—Scour with powdered pumice stone and warm soapy water. Wipe over with a cloth wrung out in warm water, and then dry with a dry cloth.

3. Panama Hats—Make a thick paste of Epsom salts and water and brush over the hat with an old toothbrush. Leave to dry for eight hours.

4. A Thermos Flask—Dissolve one tablespoon of salt in hot water, fill flask to the top, and leave for ten minutes. Then rinse well in clear, warm water.

5. Ostrich Feathers—Make a paste of pipeclay and water and rub them with it, being careful to always rub in one direction. When the paste is quite dry, shake it off and curl the feathers with a knife.

6. Wicker Furniture—Scrub well with salt and water and, if possible, dry in the sun.

7. An Electric Iron—Rub stained parts with a soft cloth dipped in finely powdered whiteness, then in vinegar. Polish with a clean cloth.

8. Papier-mache Trays—Wash in warm soapy water. When dry, polish with white furniture cream.

9. Tiles—Rub with a soapy flannel that has been dipped in paraffin.

10. Felt Hats—Make a paste of Fuller's earth and water. Spread the paste all over the hat and leave to dry. Then brush off.

11. Rugs—Take equal quantities of water and ammonia and not too hard a brush and with a little soap go over the carpet in small squares. Where stains are heavier use pure liquid ammonia.

12. Electric Light Bulbs—Rub them over with methylated spirits and you will get a brighter light from them. A final rub with a little metal polish will discourage flies from them.

—HILARY WENTWORTH

EILEEN ASCROFT REPORTS FROM SAVILE ROW . . .

I've been looking over the New-Shape Man

THERE'S a brand-new man for spring to go with the New Look lady. He's taller, sleeker, better groomed than last year's Italian-style male of the pointed-shoes, narrow pin stripes and bow ties.

The new style is called the New Savile Row Line. And I forecast the ladies are going to like it.

I went to discuss this new look for men with Mr. Leonard Whitley, who dresses some of the smartest men about town, among them: Sir John Gielgud, Jack Hawkins and David Niven.

"It's designed to make a man look taller and slimmer," he told me. "We are reviving the elegant English gentleman."

I had a preview of some of the new suits. Longer, slimmer lapels give the taller look and trousers have narrow graduated lines, with no turn-ups.

The single-breasted jacket is top fashion for summer, but the two-button fastening is set low below the pockets.

Prince of Wales checks are popular this season, with plain waistcoats cut high enough to show well above the jacket.

Smartest headgear for town wear is the small, curly brimmed hairy bowler; very light in weight.

"We are encouraging the buttonhole, again for daytime," Mr. Whitley tells me. "It gives just the right touch of safety and informality to a really good suit."

Shoes have, too, gone very Italian pointed toes. New styles are high cut with more rounded tips.

What are the other touches of the New Savile Row Line? Whiskers and moustaches are shaved or trimmed in their own rugged, colored styles of the Italian era. Plain silk socks in

a dark colour and chambray leather gloves in buff or grey are the right accessories.

THE UMBRELLA

Finally, the new-look male still carries his neatly furled umbrella and wears a spotless white handkerchief in his breast pocket.

If he wears a topcoat it will be single breasted, ending just below the knee and have a two-button fly-front fastening.

If he really wants to look like a dog's dinner it will be made of soft lightweight cashmere.

One small revolution that has taken place in masculine dress during the last few seasons is the shedding of the heavyweight suit.

Few men now order anything heavier than a 10-oz. cloth even for winter. For summer 12oz. or even lighter.

One well-known man's shop in Piccadilly has gone over entirely to lightweight suits and tropical cloths. With all these lines and Terylene mixtures, mohair and worsteds in super-light weights there's no excuse for the English male to swelter in the summer sun.

My choice for my own particular male is a combination of silk and gabardine, with an attractive dull sheen in grey-blue.

MAYFAIR SHOW

I looked in the other night at a fashion show specially for men, staged by Simpson's of Piccadilly.

There were lots of new ideas for off-duty hour dressing. A dinner jacket, sport coat, morning dress, suit in pale grey, corded and narrower than the traditional black and white stripes.

There were also ideas for evening wear, including a new style of tuxedo, a new style of dinner jacket, and a new style of smoking jacket.

I end my inquiries into the new-look male with this small philosophical offering from Mr.



The slim, tall, new-look male, the slapper, yellow pockets, leather buttons and shoulder straps. Price: £24 from Simpson's.

IN The tall, thin look OUT The old Italian style



Palmer. "I subscribe to the theory," he said, "that once men left off wearing top hats they lost the domination over women."

We don't suggest a return to toppers, but personally I am glad to see the end of the rather spivvy Italian influence on men's fashions. And I can't wait to be taken out to lunch by an elegant male wearing the New Savile Row Line.

—(London Express Service).

One gimmick I'll do without

I AM getting very tired of "gimmicky" cookery books.

In the past few years we have seen everything—from Famous Children's Favourite Foods to strictly aphrodisiac dishes.

To say nothing of a whole range of books dealing with food in every corner of the globe. I've seen cook books devoted entirely to sailing, invalids, vegetarians, even DOGS.

The latest is the Bible Cook Book, with a religious gimmick—that this book was sent to me from America.

Are you amused at the thought of Ten Commandments for making jams and jellies? At a chapter on feeding the multitude, i.e., going to a big dinner party, at such names as Honeycuckoo, Esther or Peas N'comi?

I query the wisdom of starting a charity place on cake-making with a quotation from II Samuel xiii. 6—"Let him make a couple of cakes in my sight."

I would remind the subscribers, Miss Marian Meave O'Brien, that this particular cake-making session ended in tragedy and poor "tummy" laid her hand on her head and went on crying.

Could it be that I know my Bible better than Miss O'Brien? —VERONICA PARWORTH

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LOGAN GOURLAY

'Baby'

(HE'S
41 YOU KNOW)

in this air-conditioned jungle!

LINDA, if I may paraphrase that celebrated and wicked cabaret song of Noel Coward's, is at it again. And so is Count Francisco Pignatari, known affectionately as "Baby."

Linda Christian and Baby are always at it—which is the business of making headlines by staging romantic adventures and mishaps. Usually involving each other.

Neither of them appears to have much else to do at the moment. Baby, of course, is a Brazilian millionaire who does not have to work. Linda has her alimony.

If you think it is all too trivial to record, I must point out that posterity might well consider the behaviour of these two to be interesting, though incredible. At least as interesting as the golf scores of Present Eisenhower.

It is only a couple of weeks since I went to a party in Hollywood given by Zsa Zsa Gabor for Baby, who was her boy friend that week, and who tried to outdo the proceedings by bursting balloons. Baby, incidentally, is 41 years old.

Just before that, after going with Linda on a round-the-world trip, he had staged a fireworks display for her in Rio, and paid pilots to parade in front of her hotel with signs reading "Go Home, Linda." She went.

A couple of nights ago they appeared there together and stalked lovingly like a lady panto and her mate round the dance floor.

Advanced

NEXT night Linda turned up with a party of Greek shipping millionaires, including Peter Theodoropoulos, one of her newer escorts. He is 22 but very advanced for his age and Linda, who is adding Greek to the other languages she speaks, says his name means, in a loose translation, "Pennies from Heaven."

Baby came with a blonde model, Melissa Weston, who is often seen with Linda's ex-husband, Tyrone Power. Also there were actress Vivian Blaine of "Guys and Dolls" fame, comedian George de Witt, and railroad heir Butler Miles, both admirers of Linda.

Mr. de Witt sent Linda a note asking: "Where do I fit in?" Mr. Miles told Baby he was "a jerk, a big jerk." Baby shook his fists at Mr. Miles.

It was a wild night in the air-conditioned jungle.

Next day Linda came to lunch with me, undaunted and unseathed. She chose the 21 Club where the atmosphere is a little more placid.

The decor is stockbrokers' Tudor with toy models of airplanes, airships, and cars hanging from the rafters. We sat under an airship and, in a petrol truck with the word "gas" lettered in white.

Linda, looking lovelier than a girl should who had not escaped from the jungle, till five in the morning, said: "It was all great fun. Baby behaved very

BRIEF but ageless words from Marlene Dietrich: "I'm the same age as I was 10 years ago. In fact, I get younger every year." She may even be the only grandmother who is younger than her own grandchildren.

well, even when that man called him a jerk. He never called Linda in a situation like that. He only gets a bit wild at those carnival parties they have in his own country. "Everybody does at those parties. They even have champagne as well as champagne. I don't approve of the other. Puts you in a coma. I prefer to know what I'm doing. Then I can enjoy it when I'm doing it."

Her plans

I ASKED her if she was ready to tell the world what she was planning to do with Baby in the near future?

"We've made it up again. Actually the Rio business with the plebeians was just his idea of a private joke. "A private joke in public. "Well, it's misfired. What he really meant was: "Go home, Linda, and wait for me," which was what he had been saying

LINDA AND
'BABY'—NO
FIREWORKS
THIS TIME

for days, because he didn't like the interest some of the other men were showing in me.

"Instead, he did me a great service. Many important men I hadn't even met phoned to sympathise, and was showered with invitations. I never realised I was so popular.

"Anyway, Baby and I are still in love with each other. But I don't know if we'll marry, though he has asked me several times."

She looked surprised at my suggestion that she might find it difficult to settle down again. "Not at all. That's what I want to do eventually. A man must have little flirtations to boost his ego but it's not difficult for a woman to concentrate exclusively on the right man. I don't really want to concentrate on a career."

"I haven't made a film for three years and all the scripts I'm being offered are so bad I don't know when I'll make another. I want marriage and trust and respect."

She looked puzzled at my suggestion that money might be another essential.

"I've never really thought about it. I've never really considered the possibility of marrying a poor man. I'm not likely to meet one. In the circles I move in, anyway, it wouldn't work. I have to be able to afford to travel. It's in my horoscope."

I CAME across a shop in New York with this sign in the window: "(Almost) genuine antiques." I (almost) bought something.

Dare we miss this great chance?

IN September a remarkable opportunity presents itself to the people of Britain. An opportunity to guarantee our prosperity for years to come. An opportunity to protect ourselves securely from the recession that began in America and is creeping through the nations of the Western world.

The man who seeks more Empire trade: Mr. Clarence Skinner, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, here on a mission.

by
THE RT. HON.
**Arthur
Bottomley**
Socialist M.P. for
Rochester and Chatham.
Secretary for Overseas
Trade 1947-51.

Failure

CONSIDER, first, the background of these Empire talks. It is a background of failure and disappointment. Far from being preserved in recent years, the links that bind the Commonwealth have been allowed to rust and decay.

Those links are primarily the links of trade. You might think that in order to maintain the political influence of the Commonwealth, every step would have been taken to expand the Empire trade upon which this influence depends.

But look what has happened. Instead of more trade between Britain and the Commonwealth, there is far less in many commodities. And always it is the foreigner who benefits.

We are buying 21 per cent less wheat from Australia and Canada than we did five years ago. Have they the wheat to sell?

Indeed they have. If we would buy. But instead we are importing 74 per cent more from non-Commonwealth countries.

Now examine the tobacco figures. If we really care about leading the British Commonwealth, if we don't want to become just an island off Europe depending on American charity, they should make us ashamed.

In the same five years tobacco imports from Commonwealth countries have gone up 13 per cent. But from non-Commonwealth countries they are up nearly 50 per cent.

There figures, and many like them, show just how far the betrayal of the Commonwealth ideal has been allowed to go.

And, of course, the consequences are grievous. Three years ago wheat farmers in Australia found there was only one way to dispose of their harvest. To burn it.

Britain no longer wanted it because, foolishly, criminally, we are letting the Argentines dump their wheat surplus here.

The market crashed. The Australian farmers faced ruin.

No choice was left to the Australian Government. It was forced virtually to denounce the Ottawa agreements on Empire trade preference. And subsequently it signed a trade pact with Japan.

This meant that Japan got the wheat and Japan got the orders for factory products paid for by the wheat. The all-round loser: Britain.

The same wretched story is occurring over butter. New Zealand earns one-third of her foreign exchange by selling abroad, and she has been spending nearly all of this in Britain.

But we have been allowing the Argentine, Finland, Sweden, Holland, and even Poland to dump their heavily-subsidised butter surpluses in our shops.

There has been a temporary advantage for the housewife in cheap prices, but the long-term results—unless the foreign dumping is stopped—will be disastrous.

For since the New Zealanders are finding it impossible to sell their butter here at fair prices, they are getting short of money.

Soon they will have to cut drastically the goods they buy from our factories. And that will result in less work and a greater danger of unemployment for families in Britain.

What can be done? There is no question about the desire in this country to promote trade between the Empire countries.

Mr. Clarence Skinner, the Deputy Prime Minister, of New Zealand, who is visiting Britain, tells me he has had plenty of evidence of this—even at that centre of opinion, the barber's.

Resources

THAT is everybody's view. How, then, can the decline in Empire trade be arrested? I invite you to turn away from the dismal picture of recent developments and look at the vision that can be realised at Montreal. The British Commonwealth has tremendous resources in primary commodities. Commonwealth countries produce half the free world's output of wool, jute, cocoa, tea, sisal, manganese, and asbestos.

Between one-third and one-half of natural rubber, rice, oil seeds, tin, and chrome come from the Commonwealth, and between one-fifth and one-third of the output of wheat, oats, sugar, butter, wool, pumelo, copper, lead, zinc, and coal. There are abundant supplies of uranium.

Within the Commonwealth, too, there is a vast manufacturing potential. Britain accounts for about one-fifth of the world's exports of manufactured goods. Canada is one of the world's leading manufacturing countries.

In New Zealand, Australia and South Africa manufacturing industry gives jobs to more people than any other activity. All these Commonwealth economies are complementary rather than competitive, and this gives immense scope for mutual development and benefit.

Mr. Skinner once said to me that the British and Indians knew each other so well, had traded together for so long, that given the will their economies could prosper together.

The Anglo-Indian trade agreement, like the Anglo-Pakistan trade agreement which I negotiated in 1951 when I was Minister for Overseas Trade, is a good arrangement, beneficial to both countries.

Guarantees

MANY other similar agreements should be planned at Montreal. We should discuss with the Commonwealth countries the needs of the United Kingdom market and their ability and willingness to meet those needs. Guarantees should be given and the flow of trade assured.

But it is no good relying only on occasional top-level conferences like the one at Montreal to build up Empire trade.

What is wanted is a permanent Commonwealth secretariat operating on similar lines to the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation in Western Europe.

This secretariat should be charged with the duty of increasing trade and investment and co-ordinating export and import policies.

There should also be established a Commonwealth Bank. Run on the same lines as the World Bank, it would enable Empire countries experiencing a short-term run on their sterling balances to draw upon the bank without having to fear bankruptcy through temporary difficulties.

The development of the Commonwealth is not simply a matter of short-term economics. It must be achieved in order to increase the strength of the Commonwealth as a political and social force in the world. Peace can be the promise of the Montreal talks—as well as prosperity.

THIS is the Gin



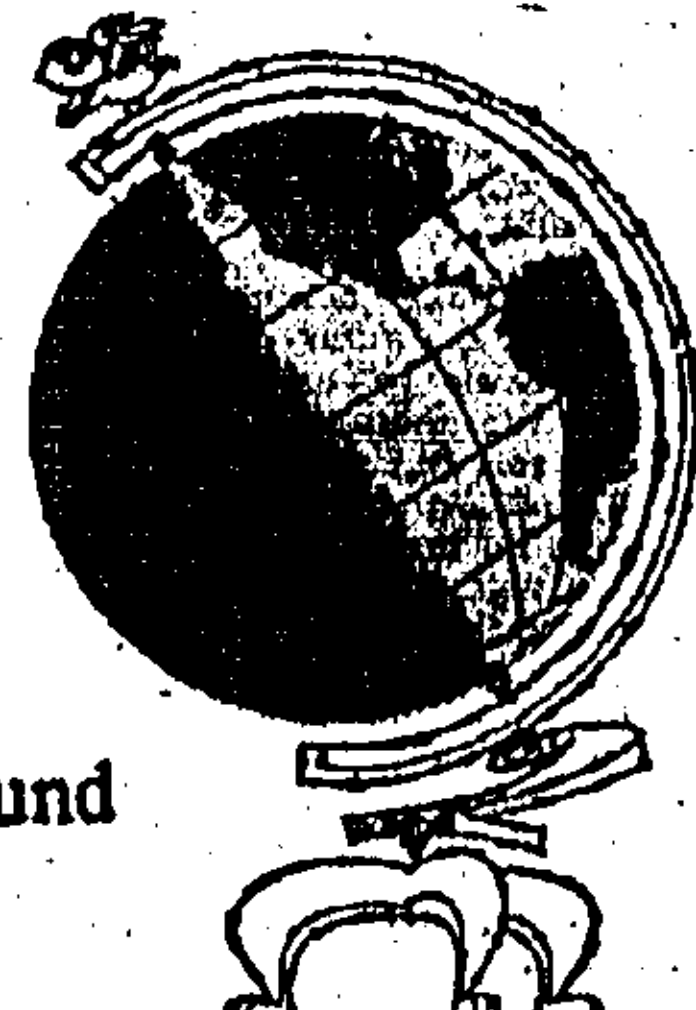
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Bow to your partner, curtsy low,
Turn your back and away you go.
Sidestep slowly round the floor,
Back where you were and start once more...



SUMMIT MINUET

LONDON 8211001 BELFON

THE Robert Pitman BOOK PAGE

AT four in the morning the intruder peeped into the lady's scented boudoir. He knew that she was one of the most sinful women in Paris. But the view he got was still a shock.

On the divan sprawled the lady herself. Near her on the floor with one of her feet resting across his knee, squatted France's best-known literary man—Emile Zola, the novelist.

Behind thick lenses Zola's eyes glinted with pleasure. But the pleasure was perfectly innocent. Though a plump, white foot wriggled seductively on one knee, he had a note-book propped against the other. While the lady dictated, his pencil scratched on.

MONEY'S WORTH

"A HARE'S foot is used for rouge," Zola was writing. "You put it on with your fingers, then spread it with the foot. Rouge at the ears for girls and young women. For a young woman, from below the eye up to the forehead."

The explanation was simple. He was planning a novel about a courtesan. Though dawn was breaking over the Paris roofs he was getting his full money's worth by making notes on how his heroine would paint her face.

But Zola's research was not limited to boudoirs. Stiff with cold, he hobbled shyly after the women of the street during winter nights. Note-book after note-book was filled.

For Zola the pains paid off. He called his book *Nana*. On the day of publication 40,000 copies were sold. Soon French café entertainers were singing a number called "It's Nana-tural." At open-air fairs gingerbread pigs were sold with the names Nana and Zola inscribed on them in sugar.

TOO GENTLE

AND in Britain? 78 years after Zola sat scribbling in the lady's boudoir, *NANA* is being published in paper-back. (Eick, 3s. 6d.)

Yet when it was first brought to Britain in 1898 its publishers were sent to prison for three months. Its reputation has made publishers timid ever since.

Why? Well, certainly *Nana* was shocking. Zola meant it to be. He had just published a mild and tender love story called *Une Page d'Amour*. But for French readers there were too many pages and not enough amour.

Amateur Zola commented: "This *Page d'Amour* is too gentle a book to excite the public. It should be excised. I'll make up on *Nana*. My *Nana* is going to be terrific!"

Zola was right. With biting detail he described the tall, voluptuous, tawny-haired *Nana* worked her way up from the slums to the stage; from the stage to a chateau bought for her by the financier Steiner; from Steiner's chateau to the pay-roll of a pious nobleman, Count Muffat.

He described her theatre debut in the role of *Venus*. *Nana's* singing voice was as coarse as a tremolo. But since she was clad in little but gauze, the audience soon discovered compensations. As the opera glasses passed from hand to hand, *Nana's* Paris success was established.

But such scenes can be found in any sentimental novel about a bad girl with a good heart. In sordid realism Zola went further, until the final, ghastly scene in which *Nana*, still young, dies of smallpox. Napoleon III has just declared war on Prussia. In the streets the crowds are caught with patriotic fever.

Zola writes:—"*Nana* was left alone, with upturned face in the light cast by the candle.... And over this loathsome and protean mask of death, the hair the beautiful hair still bleached like sunlight and flowed downwards in rippling gold. *Venus* was rotting. The room was empty. A great despairing breath came up from the boulevard and swelled the curtains. 'To Berlin! To Berlin! To Berlin!'"

SCHEME FAILS

YET can anything in *Nana's* story explain why she has shocked in Britain until now? Can it really be because of its starkness and candour? I do not think so.

Zola seemed shocking, and controversial in his own day. But no one now would dispute his claims as one of the great serious writers of the modern age.

Even the most sensational of his other books have failed to rouse offence in recent years. Take *Thérèse Raquin*, for example. In that novel *Thérèse* and *Laurent*, mad with love for each other, murder *Thérèse's* husband by drowning.

No one suspects them. They marry with the blessing of the dead man's mother, who has been paralysed by the shock of the death. Yet the scheme fails. Each night the gully-pals find the image of the drowned corpse lying between them. At last they commit suicide and mama-in-law guesses the truth.

In Zola's words the novel ends:—"The corpses lay on the dining-room floor all night, twisted, sprawling. And for almost 11 hours *Madame Raquin*, stiff and mute, stared at them there at her feet, unable to fathom her sight sufficiently, triumphing over them with fixed, hate-filled eyes."

Nana is not so grim as that. Yet quite apart from its hard cover editions, *Thérèse Raquin*—under the title *THERESA* (Corgi, 2s. 6d.)—has been selling in Britain briskly in paper-back since 1932.

Or take Zola's masterpiece, *Land*. When *Land* was first printed in Britain its publisher was prosecuted. Jurors stopped their ears when Crown counsel read out a passage about a bull from the first chapter.



ZOLA'S HEROINES MAKE TODAY'S COVER-GIRLS

Naughty Nana is forgiven at last

But Zola's farmyard animals behave rather more chastely than Zola's people. The book ends with one of the peasants roasting his aged father to death in his bed.

THE FACTS

WHY then has *Nana* had to wait before being risked with the British mass public? The answer may be that it contains something more disgraceful than sex or violence. A naughty chapter about British royalty.

In his researches among the courtesans Zola learned many facts about the exploits of Edward VII—then Prince of Wales—in Paris. But he did not introduce a Prince of Wales into his book. He brought in a Prince of Scotland instead.

The prince goes to watch *Nana* sing—and he insists on going to watch her more closely back-stage.

Zola describes him:—"Then the Prince made his appearance. Largely and strongly built, light of beard and rosy of hue, he was not

lacking in the kind of distinction peculiar to a sturdy man of pleasure."

In her dressing-room *Nana* is not even wearing gauze. Zola writes: "The Prince with half-closed eyes marked the swelling lines of her bosom with an air of connoisseurship." The theatre manager exclaims: "These gentlemen know perfectly well what a woman looks like. They won't cut you."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the Prince wittily. With that the whole company began laughing in an exaggerated manner in order to pay him proper court."

The scene ends at midnight with the Prince helping *Nana* discreetly into his carriage.

PHENOMENON

SUCH are the fruits of Zola's research which the British paper-back public will enjoy for the first time.

But *Nana* will not be the only new Zola in paper-back. *THE BEAST IN MAN* (Eick, 3s. 6d.) also appears. *DRUNKARD*—which the film *Gervaise* is based on—follows this month. The grim *GERMINAL*, set in a mining village, is already on the stalls (Penguin, 3s. 6d.).

The Zola flood has begun in

Britain at last. After ages of neglect he is selling better here than in France.

And this strange phenomenon of British book-selling can be expressed in the statistics from the spring book-lists.

They show 11 new Zola titles—six more than Dickens, eight more than Enid Blyton.

Quick Quotes

"HORSES, dogs, cows, in fact all normal beasts, have their hind knees close up against their bodies. In such animals the joints half way down their hind legs bend in the opposite direction and are called hocks—they correspond to our heels. An elephant's hind legs appear almost human, with knees in the middle and the hardly noticeable hocks only a foot or so above the ground. This human resemblance may be the reason why most people find their first sight of a retreating elephant irresistibly comic. It seems a shame that an animal with such majestic front and side elevations should provoke childish titters with a back view, like a stout comedian in baggy trousers."

From *SOONARD MOON* by E. O. Shebbere (Collins, 18s.). A true elephant story from Assam.

"WHILE listening to counsel he plans forward, his head thrust out aggressively, his elbows on the open notebook before him his hands cupped round his mouth, like a small boy blowing warm on a cold day. His hands move from in front of his mouth and he slumps his head on to one of them. His whole demeanour seems to shout, 'Does all this really matter?' Suddenly he will scratch his ear, play with his pencil, toy with his place-mat. One notices that his wig is slightly askew and that his robes, which appear to have been donned in haste, are not as new as they might have been. From under the crimson and ermine peeps a blue shirt."

From *LORD GODDARD: HIS CAREER AND CASES* (Wingate, 16s.). Brief, scrappy, but readable too.

A GOLDEN DISC AT FOURTEEN YES, HIS

HERE is the latest news on the record front—and this is Cyril Stapleton presenting it. Top story of the week for my money is being written by a pint-sized kid from Stamford Hill, 14-year-old Laurie London.

He made the star grade as a recording artist while still a pupil at the Davenant Foundation School in White-chapel. His first record "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" has made the No. 8 spot on the American Hit Parade and I don't think that anything will stop it going right to the top.

Schoolboy Laurie files off with mum and dad to the States for TV appearances on the Ed Sullivan show and others. Fee for this little jaunt, 1,000 dollars (£250), plus lavish expenses.

TURNED DOWN

P.S. Capitol records cabled an urgent request for a Laurie London LP the other day.

P.P.S. London's handlers pleaded with the producers of the film of "The 0.6 Special" to give the boy a part. They turned him down—and I bet they are kicking themselves! London's name could have made the film a certain hit in America.

P.P.P.S. His dad gave up being a shop manager to manage his prodigy. He says: "Laurie's earnings are being put into a deposit account for his own use later on. We allow him a 'pocket money' and he has to have a good excuse before he gets another shilling."

Like so many latter-day prodigies, Laurie London does song writing on the side. He was responsible for his second recorded song, "Boomerang." That particular missile is likely to be made of solid gold by the time it makes the venture flight.

"He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" will

surely have rung up the millionth sale before he reaches New York. Equally certainly, young Laurie will be photographed holding that Golden Disc aloft as he steps off the plane back in Britain. He will be the youngest-ever to win it.

MONTH OF DESTINY

MARCH proved the month of destiny for singer Cleo Laine. Her M.G.M. LP "She's the Top" got rave from the critics—and from me. She married her boss bandleader Johnny Dankworth. She auditioned for a pipsy "Peller" and walked away with the name part.

"When I read my lines to the producer," Cleo told me, "I was so scared that I just couldn't hold the script still."

No wonder: Cleo has had absolutely no acting experience. "When they phoned and told me I'd got the part, then I was really scared."

"Della" will be produced by Tony Richardson, goes to the provinces before opening at the Royal Court Theatre. Cleo's latest recording is a number called "They Were Right." It was written on the night before the recording session—in 15 minutes flat words and music. By whom? None other than Old Man Dankworth.

This business and domestic partnership could make a fortune.

DOOMED TO DISAPPEAR

THE old familiar biscuits that we've been playing for so many years have just been sentenced to death by Capitol, or near enough. Capitol now only press 78s. for artists of the Sinatra calibre, 45 r.p.m. are the new standard size.

Latest gimmick in the States: Horror records. 5 a.m. titles are "Screaming Ball" at "Dracula Hall" and "Dinner with Drac." One recording character calls himself "The Cool Ghoul."

KNOCKING THE ROCK

RECORD executive Mitch Miller has been lambasting the American disc jockeys for their slavish acceptance of rock 'n' roll.

Adults, he said, were longing for a break in the cacophony. Miller's has been hailed as a sane voice in the teenage wilderness.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE—EXCEPT TO STAND BY AND LET THEM SETTLE IT IN THEIR OWN WAY—IT'S HEART READING—YES MA'AM.

OF COURSE FATHER HAS A HEART—BUT HE'S NO GOOD AT SINGING LULLABIES—NOT AT THREE A.M., HE ISN'T.



I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU—THE NEW CAR DOESN'T FIT THE GARAGE!

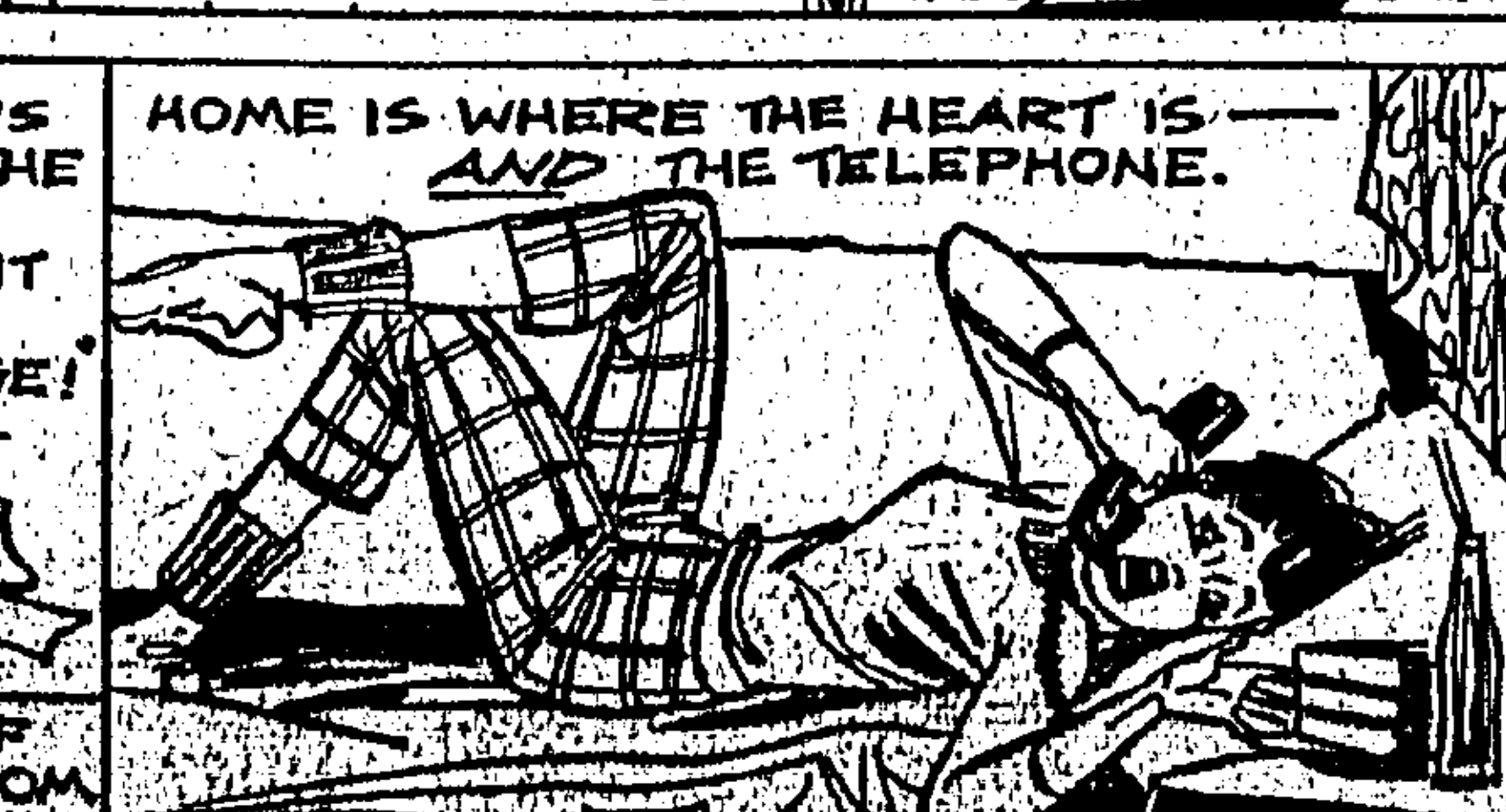


SOMETHING TO WARM THE COCKLES OF HIS HEART—BEFORE SHE LOWERS THE ROOM

Heartstrings

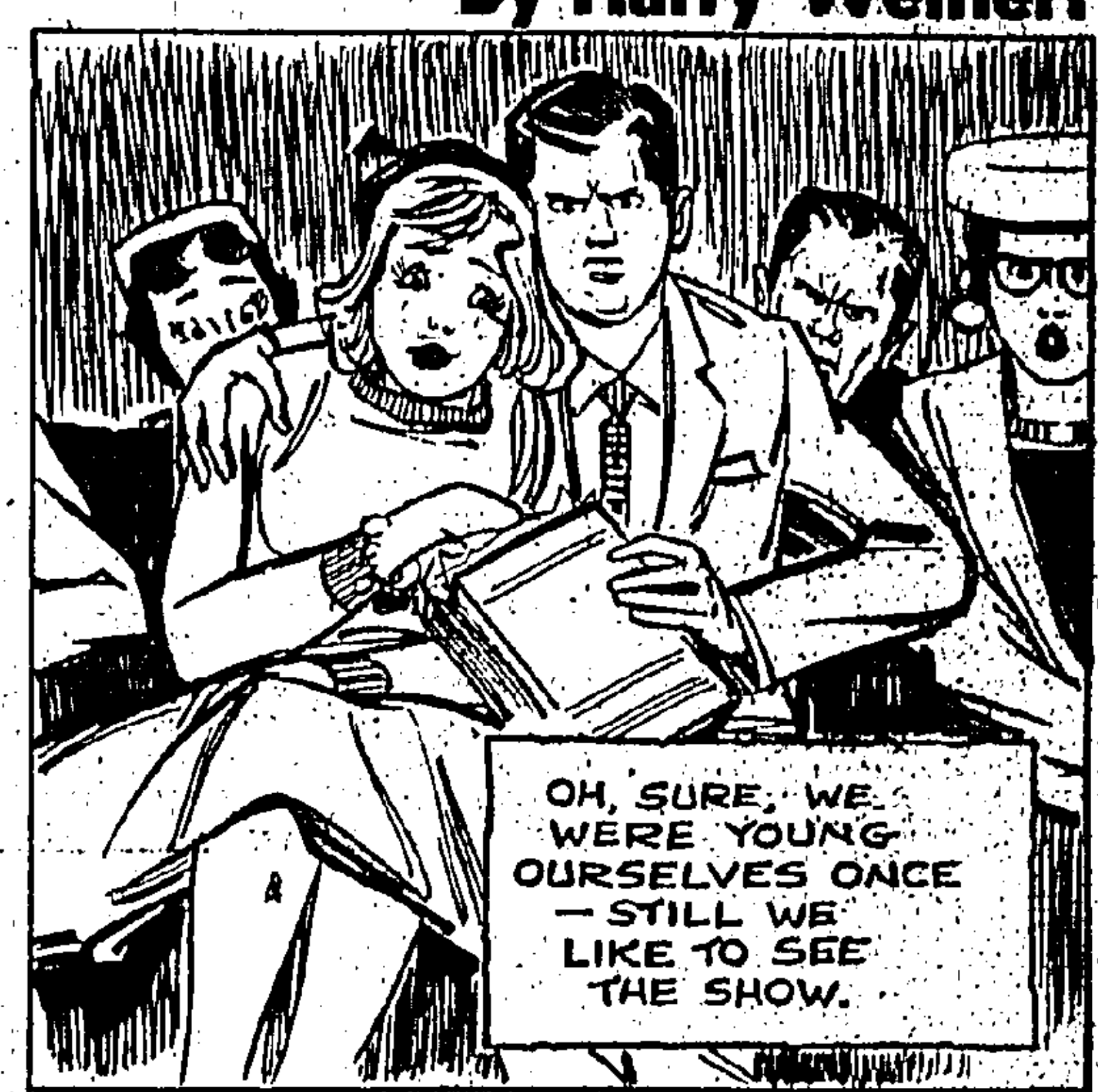


THERE'S ALWAYS SOME PASSER-BY WITH A HEART WHO KNOWS HOW TO COMFORT A CHILD THAT'S YELLING IT'S HEAD OFF—WHILE MOTHER SHOPS.



HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS—AND THE TELEPHONE.

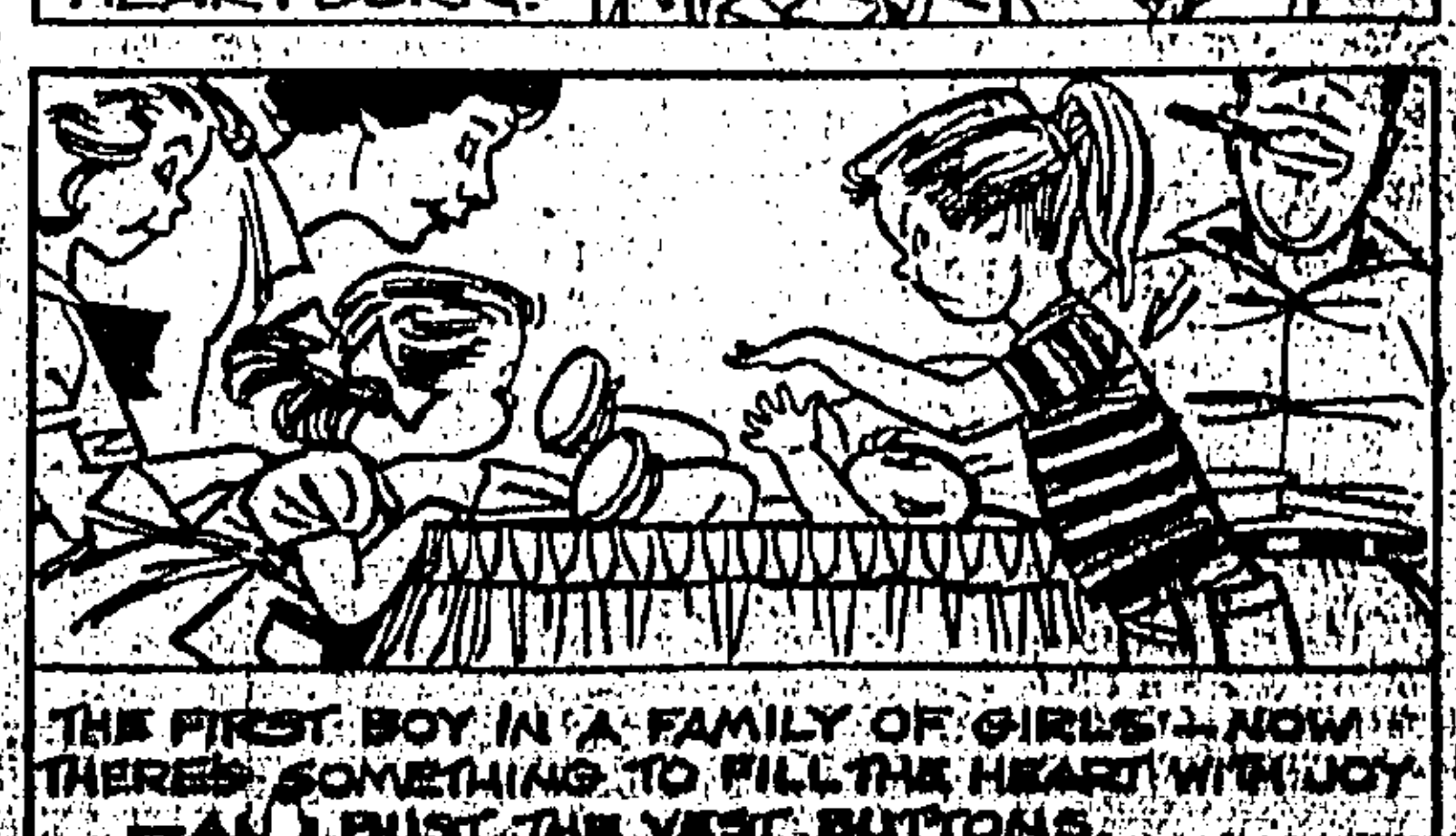
By Harry Weinert



OH, SURE, WE WERE YOUNG OURSELVES ONCE—STILL WE LIKE TO SEE THE SHOW.



THIS IS JUNIOR AN THIS



THE FIRST BOY IN A FAMILY OF GIRLS—NOW THERE'S SOMETHING TO FILL THE HEART WITH JOY—AND BUST THE VEST BUTTONS

THREE WOMEN WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONS IN THE MAKING

By JOHN DEREK

London. Mark this name—Senorita Maria Ester Bueno. This 18-year-old Brazilian from San Paulo will, I predict, one day be a Wimbledon champion. In the Italian Championships at the Foro Italico, Rome, this dark-haired, dark-eyed girl revealed a brand of power tennis no woman has shown since Louise Brough's heyday.

She has a service of rhythm and masculine strength that is matched today only by Wimbledon champion Althea Gibson. Her compact volleying and confident overhead smashing make other top-class tennis girls look—well, girlish.

Maria is the daughter of a veterinary surgeon and the sister of Pedro Bueno, who has played for Brazil in the Davis Cup. She has been coached by Armando Vieira.

I bracket her with Britain's Christine Truman as the most promising young girl in world tennis today. But Maria, 16 in October, has the advantage of being 16 months older than Christine. And I believe she will be Wimbledon champion that much sooner.

Another Name

Maria Bueno and Christine Truman are my favourites for the Wimbledon title in a few years' time. But Eleanor "Teach" Tennant, the famous American tennis coach, offers another name—Margaret Lord, 15-year-

old daughter of the British textile tycoon, Cyril Lord. Miss Tennant, resident coach at a Californian school, believes "Margie" Lord could become Wimbledon champion in five years.

Excellent Doubles

"She is one of my most promising pupils, and fortunately her father has agreed to let her stay out here at school. The weather in England makes championship training practically impossible, but here she can play 365 days a year. This year I'll enter her for fourteen tournaments. I won't expose her to England tennis for three years and then she might make an excellent doubles combination with Christine Truman."

Miss Tennant, who coached such great champions as Alice Marble and Maureen "Little Mo" Connolly, recently underwent a successful eye operation. Now, at 62, she is working as hard as ever to produce another world champion. —London Express.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

14TH (WHITSUN) RACE MEETING

Saturday 24th and Monday 26th May, 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 19 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 2.00 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.30 p.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 12.00 Noon and the First Race run at 12.30 p.m. The Tiffin interval is after the Third Race (1.30 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 12.00 Noon on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

Tiffins will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$38.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the 1st Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a day not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases, Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 23rd May, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street on
Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday 17th May 9 a.m. to 12.50 p.m.
Saturday 24th May 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
Monday 26th May 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon
Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday 17th May 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all-clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

I. M. MacTavish Asks: WILL THERE BE TROUBLE AT TOKYO?

Autographs From Denis



Former England and Middlesex cricketer Denis Compton, who last week published a book which had aroused controversy in Britain because of his criticisms of Sir Leonard Hutton, his captain in several Test Matches, is pictured here signing copies of his book for admirers. — London Express Photo.

HISTORIES OF THE CLUBS

Northerners Founded London's Glamour Club —Secrets Of Arsenal's Success

By TIM GORDON

Arsenal! The very name sends a shudder of apprehension through the hearts of thousands of Northern soccer fans, when they recall the great feats of the famous London team. But whisper it softly.

This glamour club, with its gallery of great names, was actually founded by a group of exiled Midlanders and North Countrymen—youths who made the trek to London, way back in the 1880's, to work at the Royal Arsenal in Woolwich.

You can imagine them, those young chaps with their cloth caps and broad accents, eager to form their own amusement in the capital, gathering together on chilly winter nights to talk about the game, which had swept the part of Britain they came from.

The year of Arsenal's birth was 1880—but then, the side was known by the long-sounding title of Woolwich Arsenal Football Club. They shortened it to "The Arsenal" in 1914, and to "Arsenal" in 1922.

In its very first season, the team gave a hint of the great years which lay ahead by winning seven, drawing one and losing only two of its ten matches. One of Woolwich Arsenal's first games was played against its near-neighbours, "The Dockers"—better known in the football world as Millwall.

Cold-Shouldered

Although, at the time, the North and Midlands were swept by professionalism, in the South the idea that men should be paid for playing football was viewed in many quarters with horror. Thus, in 1891-92, when Arsenal decided to embrace professionalism the club was cold-shouldered. Most of the Southern clubs cancelled their fixtures with Arsenal, the pariahs, the untouchables.

Today, when it is a social asset to be connected with the mighty London Club, the idea seems fantastic.

With the South against it, the Arsenal turned its eyes to the Midlands and North, and began a long association with clubs in these areas.

A limited liability company with capital of £4,000 was formed and, by 1893, the club had moved to Manor Ground, Plumstead, which was its home for many years. Arsenal's present palatial ground at Highbury was opened in 1913.

In 1903-04, Arsenal finished runners-up to Preston North End and so moved into the First Division, where the club managed to hold its place until the 1912-13 season. That was a bad season for the "Gunners" and they were relegated. But after one season in the second division, the club had a miraculous reprieve, without which its wonderful run of success in the 1930's might well have been delayed.

It happened this way. First-class soccer was abandoned at the end of the 1914-15 season and after World War I, the First Division was extended from 20 clubs to 22. Arsenal and Chelsea were elected to fill the vacant places, although at the end of the 1914-15 season, Arsenal had

been sixth in the Second Division and Chelsea second to bottom in the First. Tottenham, bottom of the First Division, had to go down.

Arsenal's fantastic rise to greatness really began when, in June 1925, the late Herbert Chapman was persuaded to leave his manager's chair at Huddersfield Town and take over the London club.

One of soccer's all-time greats was Chapman: who had transferred from Huddersfield to Arsenal in 1925, he had won the League Championship twice between 1923 and 1926.

More Remarkable

His success with Arsenal was even more remarkable. He thought big and he acted big. One of his first big deals was to buy the great Charlie Buchan from Sunderland for £2,000.

A strange feature of this deal was that Arsenal agreed to pay Sunderland an additional £100 for every goal Buchan scored in his first season as a "Gunner". Charlie scored 19 League goals and 2 cup goals; so Sunderland collected altogether £2,100—a big fee in those days.

But it was Chapman's plan of action when the offside law was changed that showed his genius. Before the change, in season 1925-26, most clubs had an attacking centre-half. Under the new law, such a player was a luxury, because often he left the middle of the field unprotected.

After previous slurs to this 1925-26 season, Chapman decided to experiment with a "stopper" centre-half—a player who would patrol like a policeman, a restricted "beat" along the centre of the field.

The Chapman plan worked—and worked well. This bastion of the "stopper" centre-half, personified to perfection by the late Herbert Roberts—who the main foundation of Arsenal's glorious rise to the soccer heights.

The second part of the Chapman plan was to play his forwards in a "W" formation, with the two inside men playing behind two swift raiding wingers and a fast, forceful centre-forward.

Thus was Arsenal's success built on a solid rock-like defence and a fast mobile attack ready to snatch goals. That's how the tag "Lucky Arsenal" was born. The "Gunners" were prepared to defend for long periods; then suddenly the forwards would race away to score a goal. But it was intention, not luck.

From Bolton Wanderers, Chapman bought the graceful-moving David Jack—the deal went through in a confectioner's shop—on his last day of his position. From Preston, he bought that great schemer Alex James for his inside-left berth. James, the little Scot with baggy pants was both a goal-maker and a goal-getter with North End.

With Arsenal, he became the man who didn't want to score. With long pants and jersey sleeves flapping, he was the director-general of Arsenal's attack.

Dare-Devil Drake

On the wings were those two fliers, Cliff Bastin and Joe Hulme... to be joined later by the dare-devil centre-forward, Ted Drake, now Chelsea's manager.

See how Chapman's new style of soccer brought "the honours crowding to Highbury. Look at Arsenal's enviable record!"

First Division Champions: 1931, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1938, 1946 and 1953.

Runners-up: 1926 and 1932. F.A. Cup-Winners: 1930, 1930, 1931 and runners-up in 1927, 1932 and 1955.

What great players have worn the red and white shirts of Arsenal! Malt, Haggood, Crayston, Coppinger, Buchan, James, Jack, Bastin, Hulme and Drake (who holds two club scoring records—seven goals in one match, against Aston Villa, December 14, 1935, and 43 goals in one season, 1934-35).

Will The Whispering Campaign Against Taiwan Footballers Be Presented Officially?

Is it to be "T" for Tokyo, Turmoil and Trouble?

I have been asked on several occasions this week if there is any truth in the current rumour that a move is afoot to discredit the Taiwan soccer team at the forthcoming Asian Games.

Maybe you too have heard the many different versions of the present wave of gossip... but what impresses me most of all is the fact that I have heard it from men who do not usually indulge in loose talk. In varying forms that story is that an effort is going to be made to prove that the Hongkong players who are to represent Taiwan are not eligible in accordance with the rules of the competition.

According to one version, the submission to the Asian Games authorities is being made from Australia... another has it that Malaya is the source of the plot. On Thursday I was told it would almost certainly come from Ceylon.

I have always tried to keep this column strictly on sporting topics and I have left the pertinent political controversies to those who are more highly qualified to dabble in them... but I find that this time there is a lot of people who now believe that if such a campaign is started it might very well be sustained, in spite of the fact that some of the present players have already represented Taiwan in previous Asian Games.

Basic Eligibility

The argument seems to be that in many cases neither the players nor their families have ever been domiciled in Formosa and in consequence they cannot comply with the basic eligibility conditions laid down by the Asian Games organization.

Let me make it plain that I offer no opinion on the merits or demerits of the argument. I do know that Coach Lee Wai-long and his colleagues have put in a tremendous amount of hard work in preparing their team for the Asian Games and it would be a great pity if anything happened at this stage to prevent their participation.

and, in spite of all the talk, I don't think it will be so important that the whole set-up is not so much whether the Hongkong players are eligible to represent Taiwan, but

the fact that this little community—with its numerical limitations—has to watch its soccer assets being divided.

If circumstances permitted us to select one side I do not believe we would have very much difficulty in proving our superiority in Asian football. We would be able to pick both a first class team and an almost equally powerful bevy of reserves.

What a pity it cannot be so.

The two Asian Games squads have now had a couple of pre-Tokyo encounters, and on the basis of results it could appear that the Hongkong representatives have the edge on their opposite numbers in Taiwan colours. It would be wrong, and dangerously misleading, to place undue significance on that... the real test will come if and when the two teams meet in Tokyo.

Star Whistlers

During the present season there has been considerable criticism of the standard of refereeing in Colony football. It is true of course that referees are "half-games" whether soccer is played with them or not.

In fact the man who handled the papers which arrive in the Colony each week from the United Kingdom will know only too well that even the star whistlers there have had a pretty steady stream of criticism.

In fact the man who handled the plum assignment of the season—the Cup Final—has been harshly criticised in sections of the national press.

I do not believe that what happens elsewhere should worry us too much, but I do feel that we should give serious examination to circumstances here.

It would seem that our football authorities must step back a bit and take a comprehensive view of the problem. They must decide whether the criticism is justified or not.

or whether the situation is merely being exaggerated by the shortcomings of a few less capable officials.

The other day I asked one of our leading players for his views on the matter and he said that the thing that worried him most was the difference in interpretation of the rules which exists from office to office.

The player concerned has a fine reputation for his good conduct on the field yet he was most critical of the fact that in Hongkong players have to try and remember the particular likes and dislikes of various referees.

Difference Of Opinion

He pointed out that there is a great difference of opinion among our whistlers on shoulder charging... on handling the goalkeeper... on what is and what is not regarded as obstruction... and, in passing, he also mentioned that the players have built up a pretty accurate assessment of those officials who when they are running the line are weak in deciding when the long through pass to the winger puts him in an offside position.

The player concerned was a member of the party which recently went to Singapore and he gave it as his experience that the standard of match control by the leading officials there was very much better

than ours is at the present time and, remembering the relative merits of the game in the two great communities, that is rather distressing.

I also put the same question on refereeing rather bluntly to one of our leading football administrators. I asked him for his views on the present standard... his reply was short but eloquent. He said "It is disappointing... very disappointing."

It is of course easy to criticise, and that is a little doubtful that the referee's task is often a thankless one... but neither criticism nor sympathy will solve the problem. And by the same token I do not believe that the short term solution lies in the promotion of officials from the lower divisions.

If what I have seen in several junior games recently is an indication of the general standard there are some whistlers who have reached their limit where they are now.

On the other hand I saw Mr Middleton of the Royal Navy give a first first class display with the whistle in a recent junior game at the Club stadium and I also saw Mr Prattrell handling a very tough game with great tact and success... but these are exceptions.

Last Sunday afternoon at Boundary Street I saw another official trying to control a pretty hectic Reserve Section game from an almost static position in the middle of the pitch. At times he was a long way from the centre of the game and in consequence many of his decisions were pretty strange... and that is as generous as I can be. It is true it was a hot humid day but when twenty-two players are sweating their repletion out the referee has to work hard too.

Great Pleasure

It is a great pleasure to welcome Jack Skinner back to our midst... a pleasure tinged only by the sad realization that it is but a fleeting visit.

So tightly packed is his social schedule it is almost impossible to wedge him in a corner long enough to get him to talk international football.

As the Far East representative on the Executive Council of FIFA he is well qualified to express opinions and offer comment... and his views on the after paucity of play in the recent England-Portugal game at Wembley made very interesting listening... particularly after all the built-up that has been given to England's prospects of emerging as World Cup winners at Sweden.

Jack, looking extremely fit and well, in nowadays poultry farming in Kent but, as he puts it... on a modest scale so that it doesn't tie me down too much.

In spite of his obvious contentment it is easy to sense the feeling of nostalgia which his brief return to Hongkong has inspired. He is meeting again friends made in a lifetime in the Colony... a lifetime which contributed much to the progress and betterment of Hongkong sports.

Welcome back, Jack. The warmth of your reception is the most eloquent expression of the Colony's feelings. Out of sight is definitely NOT out of mind!

SPORTS QUIZ

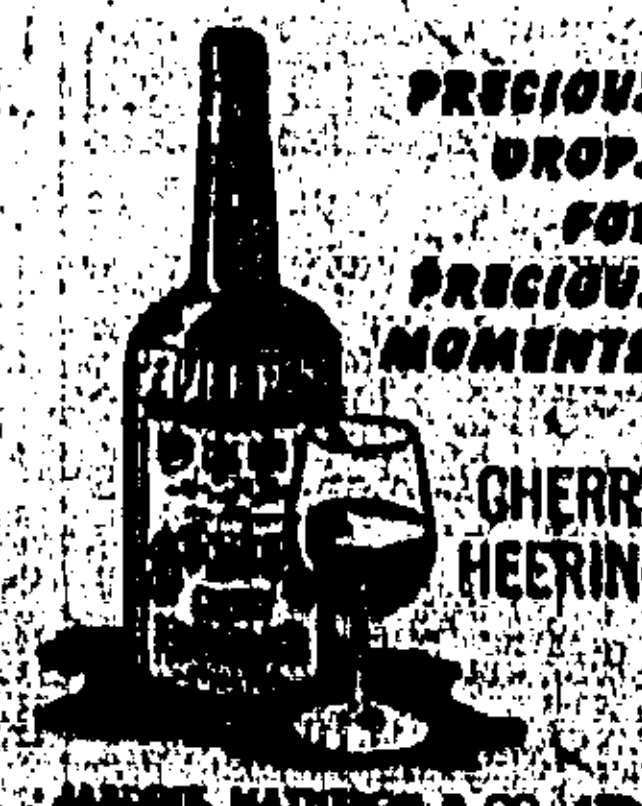
1. Played 30 matches; won 30. Which national rugby team had this remarkable record on their 1924-25 tour of Britain and France?
2. Name three world heavy-weight boxing champions who were not American.
3. Which one of these golfers has never won the American Open Championship—Sam Snead, Ed Furgol, Ben Hogan and Lloyd Mangrum?
4. Who opened the 1938 Olympic Games?
5. How many Wimbledon men's singles champions have successfully defended their title since 1937?
6. Which was the first Continental country to be undefeated in England in a full international soccer match?
7. Only one European has ever won an Olympic gold medal in a sprint event. Who is the athlete and what was the event?
8. What were the results of the four Test matches between England and New Zealand in 1947?
9. In what sports are these terms used: a) deuce, b) overthrow, c) lambour.
10. What's the name? "Keen golfer and professional cricketer... last year made 2,301 runs, took 35 catches, and had batting average of 118 in Tests against West Indies."

(Answers on Page 17)

POP



Clubbed?



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE PRESIDENT WHO LOVED DOGS

THE President loved dogs! In that simple statement is summed up some of the greatness that was Theodore Roosevelt, 26th president of the United States, whose centenary is celebrated this year.

Born in New York City in 1858, Roosevelt was a soldier, rancher, Nobel Prize winner, big game hunter, president—and a dog lover.

All types of dogs appealed to the president. He liked them big, and he liked them small. Despite the strenuous duties of his office, he somehow managed to find time for his family and his dogs.

T. R., as Roosevelt was called, had many pet dogs. One of them was the dachshund that could take the place of family life. He was the father of six children, four boys and two girls—and all of them were animal lovers like their famous father.

So it was not surprising, then, that the Roosevelt dogs were permitted the free run of the White House, and the family home, "Sagamore Hill," at Oyster Bay, N. Y.

INCLUDED in the president's kennels were a rat terrier, a bull terrier, several dogs that were merely "muffs," and a big friendly Saint Bernard who responded to the name of Rollo.

No doubt visitors to the White House or Sagamore Hill were often startled to see the Roosevelt children racing across the lawn, pursued by the bounding Rollo, who looked like some

huge beast, ready to destroy them. But Rollo was a children's dog, and he protected the president's children as efficiently as the Secret Service men who always hovered near.

T. R. kept dogs at his ranch and hunting camps, as well as at the White House and Sagamore Hill.

On one of his western hunting trips he picked up a little terrier which he named Skip. The little dog soon became his closest pet. Whenever the president had a leisurely moment, Skip always managed to crawl into his lap.

Then one day Skip strayed off the Sagamore Hill property and was killed by a car. The death of the little terrier hit the president and his family hard. The president and Mrs. Roosevelt decided Skip must have an appropriate coffin, so they built one.

When Skip's funeral was held at three o'clock that afternoon, the president and Mrs. Roosevelt that marched down the hill toward the dog cemetery that was part of Sagamore Hill. Incidentally this dog cemetery is still maintained at Roosevelt's old home.

EVEN AFTER seven and a half years in the hectic job of being president, T. R. refused to retire. Instead, he took his son, Kermit, to Africa where they went after big game. Fifty of the animals killed were mounted at the Smithsonian Institution, where they may be viewed today.

In Africa Roosevelt used the sleek African hunting dogs which worked in packs much as do our foxhounds. He also hunted behind the swift Saluki



This old print of Theodore Roosevelt, with two of his dogs, was one of his favourite pictures.

and steel Afghan hounds on the desert.

And back at home, when he hunted small game and birds, he used setters, pointers and spaniels.

At his North Dakota ranch he found the fast-running Irish

and Russian wolfhounds ideal for tracking wolves, coyotes and mountain lions.

Yes, the president loved dogs. They were a part of his busy, colourful life.

—GROVER BRINKMAN

SHORT STORY—Why Raven's Feathers Are Black

LONG ago, the Great Spirit of the Indians made the raven's feathers as white as milk or snow. He was a handsome bird.

The other birds did not like him because he stole from them. Whenever they saw him coming, they hid the things that they liked most. But in some way, he always found them and took them to his nest in a large pine tree.

One day, according to Indian legend, the raven saw a little bird singing. It was an oriole with greenish-yellow feathers. It looked like an orange among the green leaves of the tree.

"I will have that bird," said the raven. He swooped and seized it.



The oriole fluttered and cried, "Help! Help! Will no one save me?"

Because the other birds were away they did not hear her cries.

"The raven will kill me," she cried. "Help! Help!"

Now at that time, there was a worm boring into the bark of the pine. The worm heard the bird's cries and said, "That yellow bird has been good to me. I should do what I can to help her even though it isn't very much."

At sunset, the raven went to sleep. Then the worm crawled up the pine tree to the raven's nest. Then he bound the raven's feet together with grass, twigs, and pieces of bird bark.

"Fly away," whispered the worm softly to the oriole. "But come back sometime to see me. I must teach the raven not to be cruel to other birds."

The oriole flew away. Then the worm brought grass, twigs, and bird bark. He put them around the foot of the tree. Then he set them on fire. Soon the flames were leaping up the pine tree.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted the raven. "Help me! My nest is on fire!"

The other birds were not sorry for the raven. They thought him a mean bird. They said, "He is a thief. Let him burn in the fire."

By and by, the flames burned the grass and twigs that had bound the raven's feet. Fast together, the raven flew away. He was not burned, but he could no longer be proud of his shining white feathers for the smoke had made them as black as coal.

—LOUISE JEAN WALKER

BANDS TELL THE STORY OF BIRDS

WHEN WILDLIFE MEN found the pintail duck on Palmyra Island, 1,100 miles south of Hawaii, they were helping to prove that the pintail is the fastest and strongest flyer among ducks.

How did they know? Because the pintail had a band on its leg. And the band had been put on in the state of Utah just 82 days before.

In that time, the pintail had travelled over three thousand miles.

How long do birds live in the wild? How far do they travel and how fast? What are their migration habits?

These and many other questions are answered by the 14 different types of aluminum bands put on the legs of birds.

During the past 55 years over seven million birds have been banded in the United States and Canada! Of this number, only about 600,000 bands have been returned. But these tell interesting stories.

For instance, a waterbird called the Caspian tern holds the record for the longest life. It was 26 when the band was recovered. A red-winged blackbird was 14 when shot.

Which species has the longest migration? Records reveal that it is the Arctic tern. It travels about 25,000 miles a year. One banded in Maine was found dead in the Niger River delta of Africa. One banded in Labrador was recovered in South Africa.

Who started bird banding? It is believed that a schoolmaster, a native of Denmark, began it. H. C. C. Mortensen was his name.

In the United States it was Dr. Paul Bartsch of Smithsonian Institution.

Today, many organizations, individuals and government departments engage in bird banding. All the records are kept by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service at Laurel, Md.

Around 600 species of birds have been banded. But government agencies are more interested in banding waterfowl such as ducks, geese and swans, and game birds such as quail, pheasant, wild turkey and grouse.

Various methods are used to capture birds for banding. Usually some type of portable trap is used. But waterfowl banders have a new method for ducks now. They use trained dogs.

These retrievers were used in both Canada and the United States this last year. Young mallard ducks were the principal targets of the dogs "duck catchers." Along with a human



helper, the canine duckcatchers can catch from 20 to 50 ducks each day. And they do it without harm to the quacking victims.

Plans on birds are important for they show human beings how to help birds.

—By Ferris Weddle

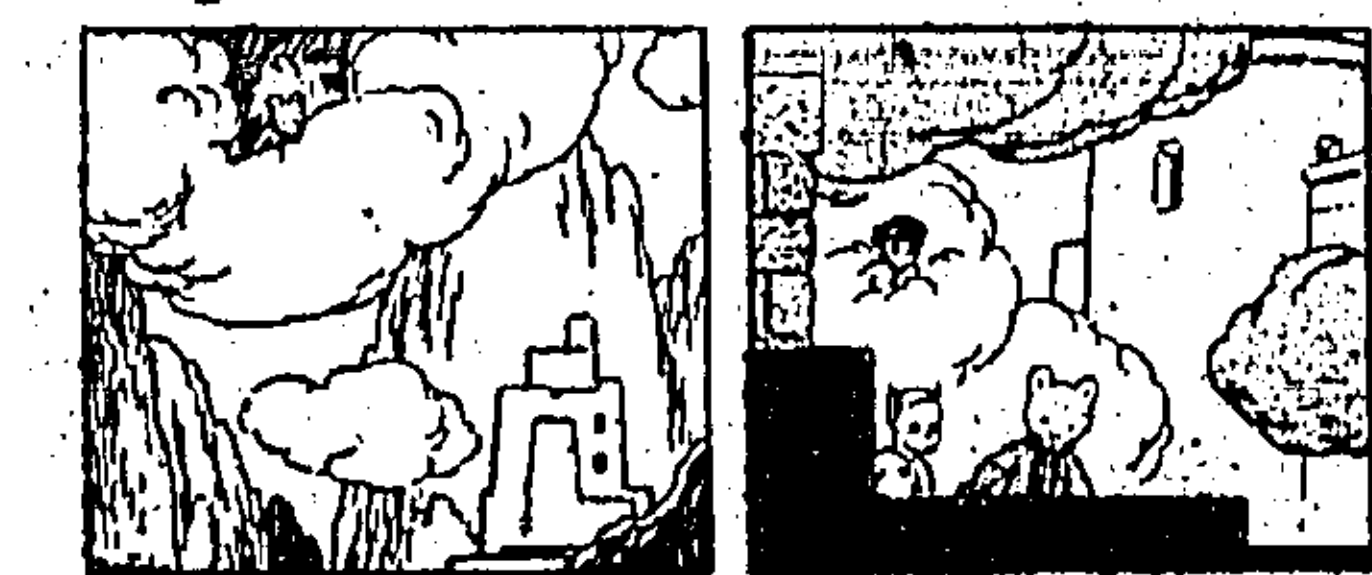
LOOK WHO

THE MAGNIFICENT IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER, ONCE COMMON IN THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, IS ALMOST EXTINCT.

SOME NORTHERN BATS FLY SOUTH WHEN WINTER BEGINS; OTHERS HIBERNATE INSIDE HOLLOW TREES AND CAVES WHERE THEY MAKE THEIR HOMES.

THE KATYDID RASPS ITS WINGS TOGETHER AS MANY AS FIVE MILLION TIMES IN A SINGLE SUMMER.

Rupert and the Silent Land—35



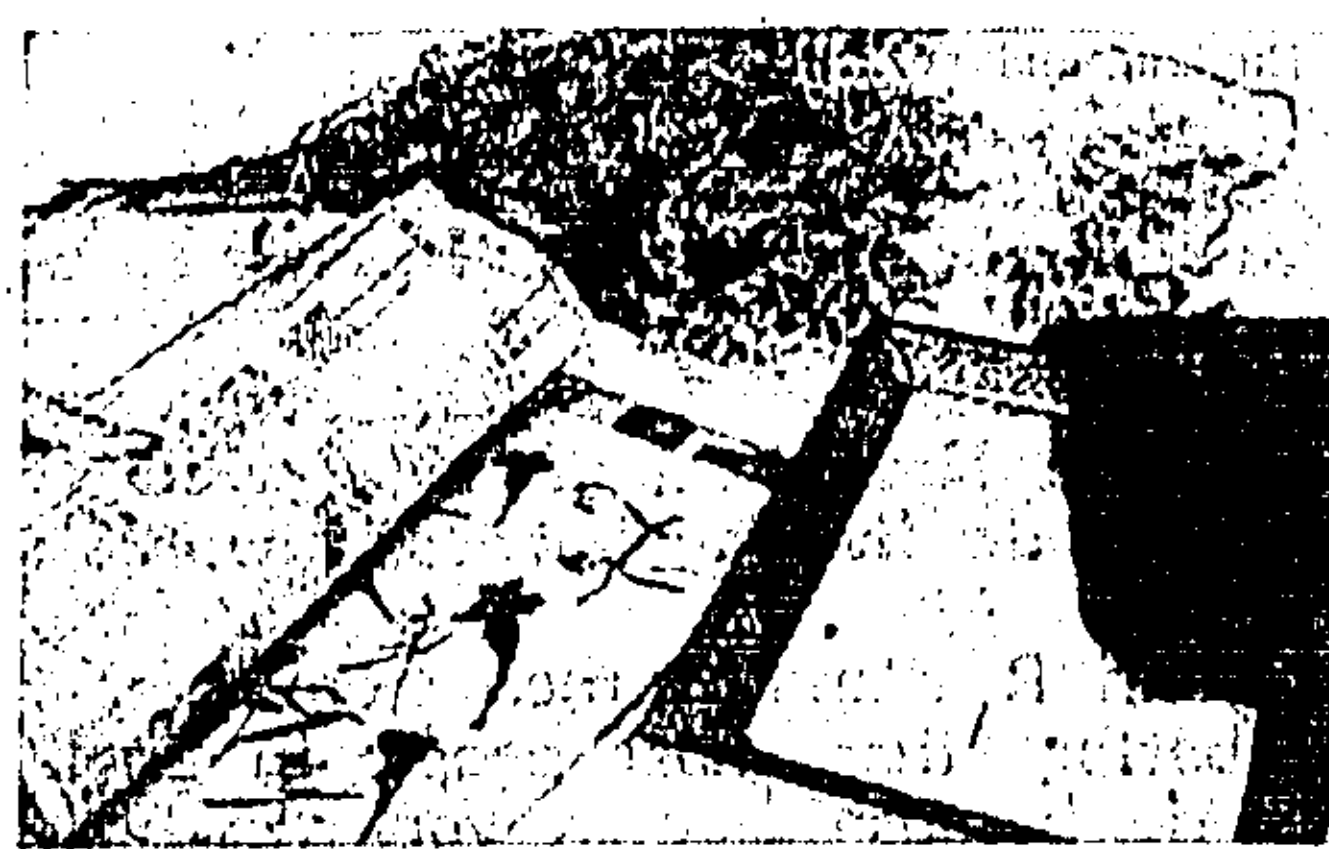
Feeling very worried Rupert does not dare to speak again and he can think of no way to escape from the silent people, though he is allowed to walk round the strange cloud-ship as it moves smoothly and swiftly towards the jagged outlines of the silent mountains. See 34 NIGHTS RESERVED

FRAME FLOWERS FOR A PICTURE

GOLDEN frame, red velvet background, golden vase and rich, dried garden flowers make up this gorgeous modern wall picture, suggesting Oriental splendour in decoration.

The best blooms of fantasy marigolds, tiny golden, daisy-like zinnias, graceful leaves and stems were dried between catalogue leaves for 2 weeks (picture at left).

We found this lovely golden filigree frame and removed glass and easel back. Red velvet was stretched tightly over the easel mat and glued in place. The vase—after much trial and error and fitting pieces together—was made by fitting the ends of 2 dried trumpet flower pods together, making the graceful, curved flower holder. We painted it with gold lacquer and glued it in place.



We dried Bells of Ireland and goldenrod without pressing, for graceful, three-dimensional effect.

Then came the arrangement of the different flowers and

leaves. We saw that they had symmetry and grace before glue was applied, and when the pressed flowers and leaves were in place, then we arranged the Bells of Ireland and goldenrod

to finish out the arrangement. The completed picture (shown at right), is rich and lovely since the colours are so outstanding.

—GERTRUDE SPRINGER

Merlin's Game Of Tag

—The Magnificent Magician Is Also Mischievous—

By MAX TRELL

MR Merlin, the Magnificent Magician, heard all the noise—all the laughing and shouting—and came out from behind the bookcase to see what it was all about.

He found Knarf and Hanli, the Shadow with the Turned-About Names, playing a game of tag with Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Mary Jane, the Rag Doll.

They all stopped playing to greet Mr Merlin.

Curious Thing

"Now that's a curious thing," he said, as he sat himself down on the top of the lamp shade. "I was just thinking to myself, a few minutes ago, that there's nothing in the world I'd rather do this rain' afternoon than play a game of tag."

"Come play with us, Mr Merlin!" Hanli shouted.

"Fine," said Mr Merlin.

However, just as they were about to play the game, Mr Merlin said, "I think I play tag a little differently than you do."

"How do you play it?" asked Knarf.

Mr Merlin explained that he would run and all the others should chase him. He said, "Whoever catches me first, wins the game," he said.

Not The Same Way

Although this wasn't quite the way that Knarf and Hanli and Teddy and Mary Jane were accustomed to playing tag, they agreed to try Mr Merlin's way.

"All right," said Mr Merlin. "Here we go! Catch me if you can!"

With that, he dashed toward a corner of the room.

Now it seemed to Knarf and Hanli and Teddy and Mary Jane that it would be no trouble at all to tag Mr Merlin. They were sure. And he was one. Furthermore, there he was at this very moment stuck in a corner!

They all rushed forward.

They Were Amazed

To their dismay and utter amazement, they saw Mr Merlin go sliding up the wall like a fly. Even more surprising, he went skidding across the ceiling and down the other wall.

"Well," said Mr Merlin, chuckling, as he sat himself down on the lamp shade again, "why don't you catch me?"

Once more, Knarf and Hanli and Teddy and Mary Jane were sure. They had him surrounded. How could he possibly get away?

But get away he did!

For suddenly, just as Knarf was about to tag him, Mr Merlin disappeared as thin as a bit of bread. He slid down the lamp between Knarf's fingers, he flitted across the floor, faster than a mouse.

Then began an exciting chase. Hanli rushed to miss Mr Merlin. He slid under her feet and went hopping across the room like a toad!

Teddy tried to grab him—and Mr Merlin jumped over Teddy's head and went swimming around the room like a fish!

Like A Ball

Mary Jane clutched at him—and Mr Merlin, plummeth through her hands and went bouncing around the room like a ball.

Then all four of the children came rushing in to seize him—and they all grabbed their heads together.



Merlin chuckled as he sat down on the lamp shade.

And there was Mr Merlin, sitting and smiling on top of the lamp shade.

"Dear me," he said. "You children don't play tag nearly as well as I thought you could. Now why can't you tag me?"

But neither Knarf nor Hanli nor Teddy nor Mary Jane tried any more. They just sat in a heap in the four corners of the room, holding their heads. They wouldn't play tag any more that day with such a magnificent (and mischievous) magician as Mr Merlin!

HOW TO MAKE A CORK TO NECKLACE

1. CUT 4 LARGE CORKS IN HALF.

2. PUT A SMALL SCREW EYE IN THE NARROW END OF EACH HALF.

3. DECORATE THE ROUND PART OF EACH HALF... USE COLORED INK OR WATER COLOR PAINT.

4. CUT AN EXTRA HEAVY BLACK THREAD AND STRING THE CORKS ON IT.



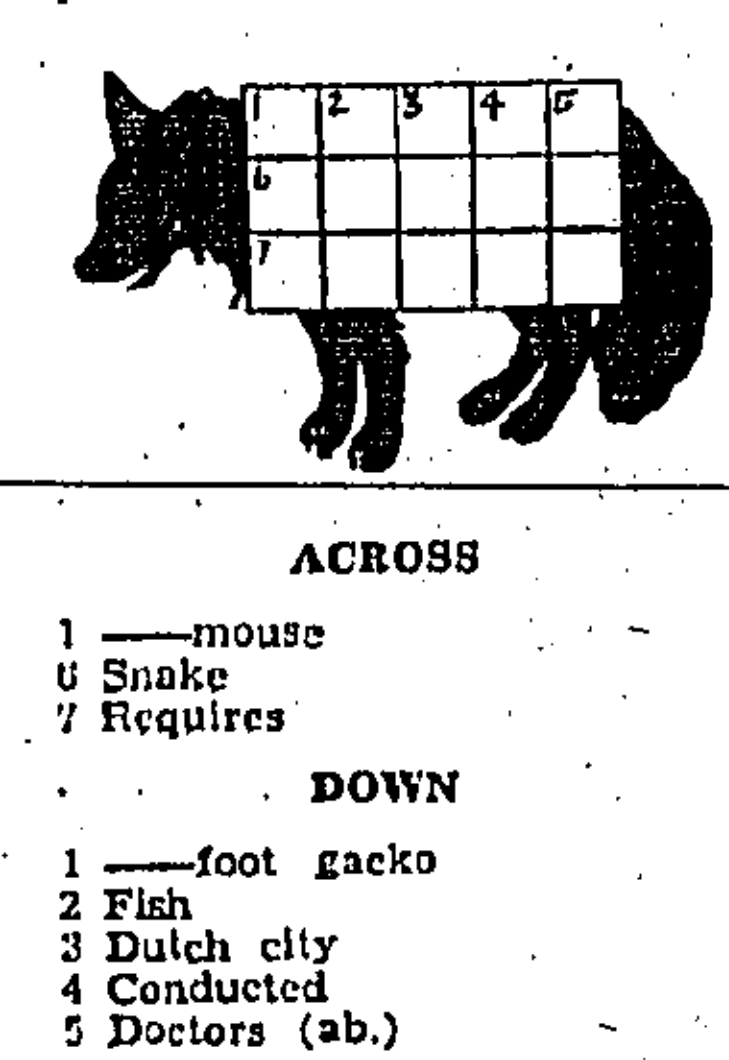
Your Puzzle Column

ANIMAL REBUS

ANIMAL CROSSWORD

Puzzle Pete has hidden four animals in his rebus. Can you uncover them? Use the words and pictures to full advantage.

Cartoonist Cal drew this week's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of a FOX to dress it up.



ANIMAL MIX-UPS

HIDDEN ANIMALS

Rearrange the letters in each row to find the three animals. Puzzle Pete mixed up here:

SAW EEL
HELP ANTE
IRENE RED

Puzzle Pete has hidden an animal in each of these sentences. Can you find them? You have to use parts of words, but the name of each is in relation when you're right:

1. abhors everybody.
2. new bridge was planned to span the river.

—Try Them

ANIMAL DIAMOND

FILL IN THE BLANKS to make words that will fit the descriptions.

- POP ———
- A tree. ———
- POP ———
- A quick bread. ———
- POP ———
- California's State Flower. ———
- POP ———
- Candy on a stick. ———
- POP ———
- Epic poetry. ———
- POP ———
- Number of inhabitants of a country. ———
- POP ———
- Movie refreshment. ———
- POP ———
- Generally liked. ———
- POP ———
- Empty talk. ———

How many of these "puzzling Sam" words can you complete with the assistance of the descriptions given?

- SAM ———
- Identical. ———
- SAM ———
- Coarse hominy. ———
- SAM ———
- Chinese boat. ———
- SAM ———
- Specimen. ———
- SAM ———
- Bible strongman. ———
- SAM ———
- Old Testament Prophet. ———
- SAM ———
- Class of Japanese military retainers. ———
- SAM ———
- Kind of needlework. ———
- SAM ———
- Russian tea urn. ———
- SAM ———
- He helps his fellowmen. ———

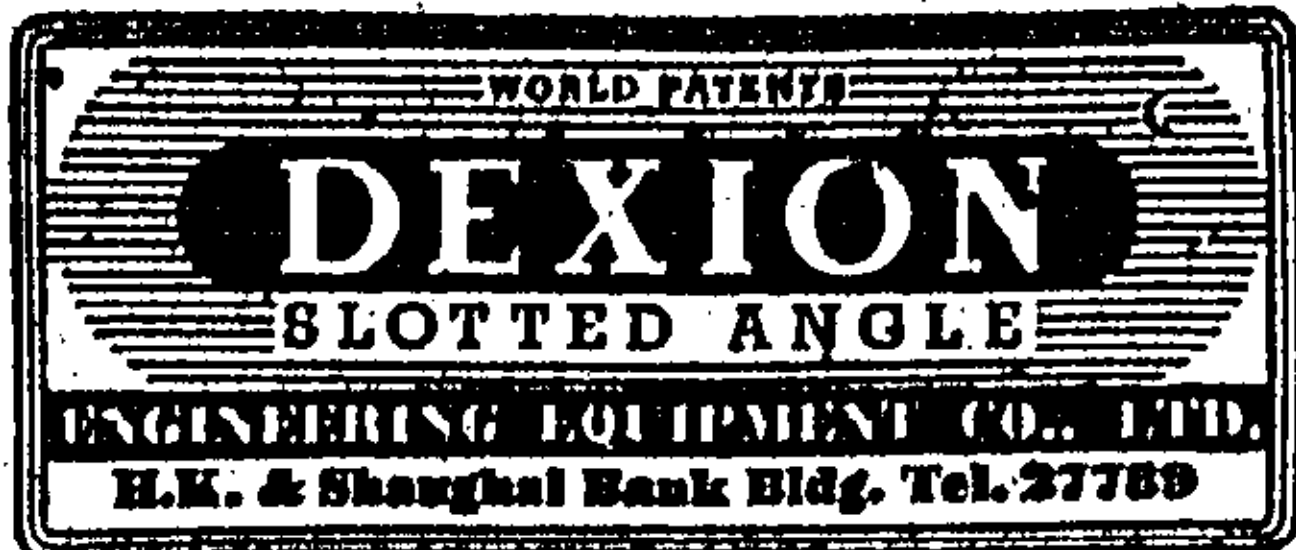
How many of these "puzzling Sam" words can you complete with the assistance of the descriptions given?

MEASUREMENT
What is the difference between two yards?
"A fence."

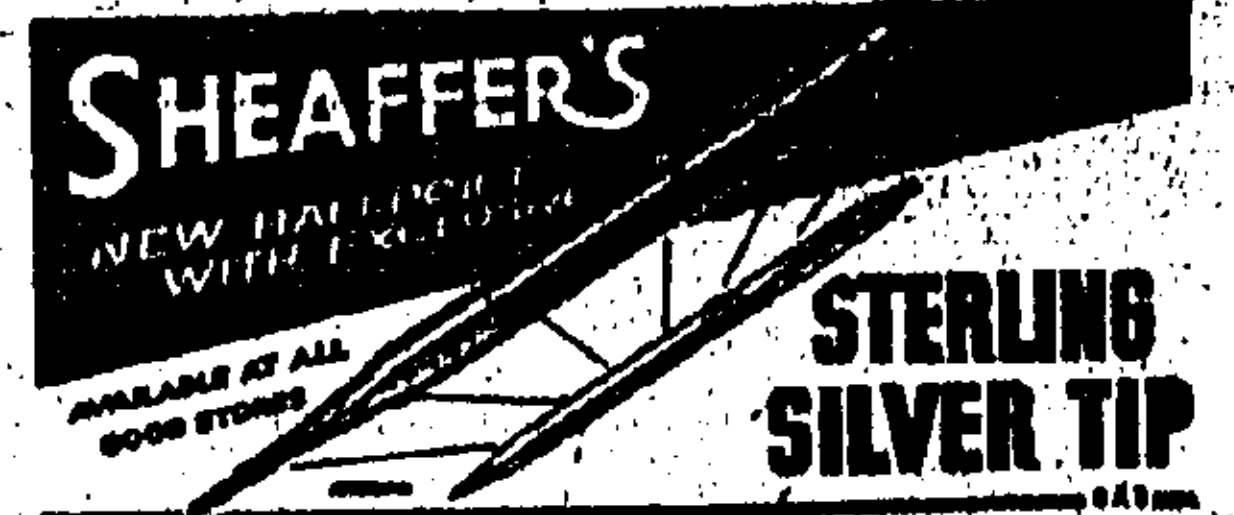
TEATIME
"Will you join me in a cup of tea?"
"Do you think there's room for both of us?"

"All God's Children"
I can love an old brown worm. Although to touch him makes me squirm.
Because I know God made him too; A living creature — just like you.

Big Stretch
A twisted silk filament finer than a hair, will stretch five or six inches to the yard.



CHINA MAIL



Page 20

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1958.

Davis Cup Second Round Matches Played Off

Copenhagen, May 16. Czechoslovakia reduced Denmark's lead to 2-1 in their European Zone second round Davis Cup tie here today by winning the doubles match.

The Czech pair Milan Necas and Jiri Javorsky defeated Kurt Nielsen and Torben Ulrich 6-4 6-3 6-4.

Denmark won both opening singles matches yesterday.

Winners meet India or Italy in the third round.

In Florence: Rain prevented play in the second round European Zone Davis Cup tie today between Italy and India.

The scheduled doubles match was postponed until tomorrow. Italy lead 2-0 in the tie.

At Helsinki, Mexico took a 2-0 lead over Finland in the European Zone second round here today.

Pancho Contreras beat Heikki Hedman 6-3 6-0 6-2 and Mario Llamas defeated Sakari Salo 6-3 4-6 6-3 9-7.

At Cologne: West Germany and Belgium were level 1-1 after the opening singles matches of their European Zone second round.

Rupert Huber (West Germany) beat Andre Jamar 6-4 6-2 6-1 and Jackie Brichant (Belgium) defeated Wilhelm Bungert 6-4 6-2 6-8 8-0.

Winners meet Britain in the third round.—Reuter.

Govt To Appoint Committee To Probe — INDIA'S TEXTILE PROBLEMS Crisis Worsens As Stocks Accumulate

UAR Backs Yemen All The Way, Nasser Says

London, May 16. President Nasser said today that the United Arab Republic supports Yemen "with all our means—economically and militarily," Cairo Radio reported.

He was speaking on his return from the Soviet Union.

President Nasser's speech was broadcast from the Government House in Cairo over Cairo Radio's entire network to the nation and the Arab Middle East.

He said the talks in the Soviet Union in which he took part were "talks between a strong and independent state and a friendly disinterested state."

He added: "Mr. Khrushchev said in many speeches that he respects your freedom and your independence."

"We have proclaimed a non-alignment policy and when a word of friendship was extended to us, I accepted it," Reuter.

Bombay, May 16. Mr Lal Bahadur Shastri, India's Minister of Commerce and Industry, said here today he would shortly appoint a "small expert committee" to examine the problems of India's textile industry.

The committee would include representatives of the industry, labour, consumers and the government.

The Minister announced this at a conference of representatives of the Indian Cotton Mills federation and government officials.

Attack On Yugoslavia

Brussels, May 16. A top Czechoslovak Communist leader, Mr. Karol Bacilek, in one of the sharpest attacks on the Yugoslav Communists ever to be made here, today called for an "uncompromising fight against the revisionists who try to drive a wedge between the Soviet Union and other socialist countries."—Reuter.

It was represented on behalf of the industry that the textile crisis was deepening due to the accumulation of stocks as a result of lower internal off-take and falling exports.

The minister accepted a suggestion put forward by the Federation for the establishment of a cotton textile advisory board.

However, Shastri ruled out the possibility of a further reduction in excise duty on cloth.

Mill owners maintain that heavy excise duties are contributing to the creation of a "deepening crisis" in the industry.—Reuter.

SOCCER:

England Makes Changes For Match With USSR

Moscow, May 16. The England soccer selectors have made four changes from the team beaten 5-0 by Yugoslavia in Belgrade last Sunday in choosing the side to meet the Soviet Union here on Sunday.

The players dropped are: inside-right Bobby Charlton, goalkeeper Eddie Hopkinson, left-back Jim Langley and right-half Ronald Playton.

They are three new "caps"—Colin MacDonald in goal, Tommy Banks at left-back and Eddie Clamp at right-half.

All the Soviet Union players are drawn from the world cup list of 40 announced earlier this month by the Russian soccer authorities.

Teams: England—Colin MacDonald, Don Howe, Tommy Banks, Eddie Clams, Billy Wright, Bill Slater, Bryan Douglas, Bobby Robson, Derek Fowney, Johnny Haynes, Tom Finney.

Russia—Lev Yashin, Mikhail Ogonkov, Boris Kuznetsov, Yuri Voinov, Konstantin Kalchevsky, Igor Netto, Herman Apukhtin, Valentin Yvnov, Eduard Streltsov, Yuri Fylov, Anatoly Ilyin.—China Mail Special.

Bobby Locke, von Nida Set Pace

Bray, May 16. Two powerful overseas challengers, Bobby Locke of South Africa and Norman von Nida of Australia, each did a 67 in the first round of the £5,000 Irish Hospitals 72-hole golf tournament at Woodbrook, near Dublin, today to head the field and so set the pace for the first prize of £1,000.

Leading scorers were: 67—Bobby Locke (South Africa), Norman von Nida (Australia), 68—S.S. Scott (Rochampton), B.J. Hunt (Hartlebury), R. Hayden (Woodbrook), 69—H.H. Hummel (South Africa), F. Jowle (Edgbaston), 70—V. van Donck (Belgium), D. Snell (Lindrick), R.P. Mills (Pinner Hill), A.G. Guthrie (South Africa), J.R.M. Jacobs (Bandy Lodge), G.W. Low (Ratfield), N. Faulkner (Selwy)—China Mail Special.

Fortune Awaits A Poor Shropshire Farm Boy

Ellesmere, May 16. A fortune in the form of a big farm in America is awaiting a poor farm boy from the Ellesmere district, Shropshire.

Shropshire-born Mr George Foulkes of Hartford, Michigan, walked into the British embassy in Washington recently and said he wanted to give one of his seven farms to a poor farm boy from Ellesmere, Shropshire, where Mr Foulkes was born in a workhouse 84 years ago.

Mr Foulkes has stipulated that the boy must be prepared to go to America and live on the farm which, the embassy says, is in one of the most fertile areas of the US.

Mr Foulkes' early life was a very hard struggle, but after about 25 he was successful, and became a senior employee of the US Treasury and then a member of Congress.

Now a rich man, he owns about 6,000 acres in the Red River valley.—China Mail Special.

Aged Widow Was The Architect Of Her Own Death

Stafford, May 16. An 83-year-old widow who weighed four stone three pounds, enjoyed being bedridden and was the architect of her own death said the Stafford (district) coroner, Mr K. T. Brain-Hartnell, at an inquest here.

He recorded a verdict of natural causes on Mrs Martha Smith, of Woodseaves, near Stafford.

Doctor F.J. Pick, pathologist, said she was extremely emaciated and died from chronic sepsis, starvation and anaemia.

Her grand-daughter, Miss Jean Mary Perrins, said Mrs Smith was always determined, and in a way domineering, and would not have a doctor near her.

BISCUIT

Miss Perrins said that she gave her grandmother what food she wanted, but for the last month she had eaten very little—a biscuit or two and tea. Her grandmother would not let her do anything for her.

The coroner said he was satisfied that a daughter, Mrs Frances Annie Latham, had tried many times to get her mother to eat more, but she always steadfastly refused.

He was satisfied, too, that both Mrs Latham and Miss Perrins held her in some awe, and were afraid to take a strong line with her in case she became upset.

He could not blame either for the course they adopted.—China Mail Special.

REDIFFUSION

10.30 a.m. Festival Of Wales: 11. Morning Medley: 11.30. "Rediffusion" Part 1: 12.30. "Rediffusion" Part 2: 1.30. "Rediffusion" Part 3: 2.30. "Rediffusion" Part 4: 3.30. "Rediffusion" Part 5: 4.30. "Rediffusion" Part 6: 5.30. "Rediffusion" Part 7: 6.30. "Rediffusion" Part 8: 7.30. "Rediffusion" Part 9: 8.30. "Rediffusion" Part 10: 9.30. "Rediffusion" Part 11: 10.30. "Rediffusion" Part 12: 11.30. "Rediffusion" Part 13: 12.30. "Rediffusion" Part 14: 1.30. "Rediffusion" Part 15: 2.30. "Rediffusion" Part 16: 3.30. "Rediffusion" Part 17: 4.30. "Rediffusion" Part 18: 5.30. "Rediffusion" Part 19: 6.30. "Rediffusion" Part 20: 7.30. "Rediffusion" Part 21: 8.30. "Rediffusion" Part 22: 9.30. "Rediffusion" Part 23: 10.30. "Rediffusion" Part 24: 11.30. "Rediffusion" Part 25: 12.30. "Rediffusion" Part 26: 1.30. "Rediffusion" Part 27: 2.30. "Rediffusion" Part 28: 3.30. "Rediffusion" Part 29: 4.30. "Rediffusion" Part 30: 5.30. "Rediffusion" Part 31: 6.30. "Rediffusion" Part 32: 7.30. 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